

# the Monster Times

## WHAT MAKES MONSTERS RUN?

In this case it is because he's just uncovered a monstrous message via the simple application of his very own TMT SECRET SOCIETY SECRET DECODER. That's right ... in keeping with current national trends, our beloved TMT SOCIETY has gone underground to become the TMT SECRET SOCIETY. For details about how you can join this select group of monsters, madmen, fiends and fans, turn to page 31 and learn about our sinister SECRET DECODER. It may very well change your life—and WITHOUT dangerous side effects. On the way, we suggest you check out the other creepy contents contained in this issue, where you'll find yourself face-to-face with THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE BLACK SCORPION, THE TERROR OF THE WAX MUSEUM, PLASTIC MAN, and discover why DEATH IS A WAY OF LIFE ... all in this issue of THE MONSTER TIMES, the paper pledged to boldly go where no other paper has been before.







Volume 1 Number 28

Our cover this issue—a portrait of Lon Chaney Sr. as THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—was rendered by renowned artist and ardent Chaney freak Bill Nelson. It also represents one of the few times we haven't had to thank American-International for our cover art.

# the Monster Times

The World's First Newspaper of Horror,  
Sci-Fi and Fantasy

Last time out, you may remember, we started off the issue on a rather sorrowful note, announcing the untimely deaths of Lon Chaney Jr., Kung Fu star Bruce Lee, and PLANET OF THE APES producer Arthur P. Jacobs. This month we have another unfortunate demise to report, that of Sam Katzman, the producer responsible for such epics as THE WEREWOLF, CREATURE WITH THE ATOM BRAIN, ZOMBIES OF MORA-TAU, and the JUNGLE JIM series. While few, if any, critics were ever caught in the act of praising Sam's efforts, everyone seemed to enjoy them—even if for the wrong reasons—and it saddens us to see him go. You can rest assured, though, that insomniacs everywhere will be watching Sam's films as long as there are late, late shows to screen them.

We're dedicating this issue, incidentally, to Monsterdom's greatest father & son team, the Lon Chaney, Sr. and Jr. Paying homage to Lon Sr. is artist Bill Nelson, who, in addition to penning a piece about Lon's transformation into the HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, adds his own artistic interpretations of The Man of A Thousand Faces' greatest characters. Also in this issue is Rob Comorosky's sinister survey of the screen's most memorable death scenes, DEATH IS A WAY OF LIFE, in which monsters, madmen and their victims expire at the alarming rate of several per paragraph. Willis O'Brien's enlarged insect, THE BLACK SCORPION, gets the royal TMT filmbook treatment, and our sprawling staff of keen-eyed critics have put together an updated edition of our LATE FILM ROUND-UP feature, in which new releases are alternately added to the Horror Hall of Fame or dispatched, heads bowed, to the gallows. For you comics fans, writer Doeg Moench contributes a comprehensive article on the adventures of Jack Cole's PLASTIC MAN, a character who could stretch anything, especially our imaginations. All the usual TMT columns and features are also on view for your enlightenment and edification.

The TMT Dept. of Corrections wishes to point out an error that appeared in our last issue, a flaw that marred an otherwise monstrous masterpiece. If you consult your copy of TMT #27 and turn to page 29, you'll find two stills showing the disintegration of a staked vampire. The stills are identified as being from THE HORROR OF DRACULA; needless to say, they're actually from THE RETURN OF DRACULA. The caption writer who committed this fatal faux pas has been duly dealt with ... his last request, was that we correct this error, and we have now honored that wish. We know he would have wanted it that way.

Incidentally, sharp-eyed readers will notice that this issue is not printed on our usual super-stock, but on regular newsprint. The reason for this is a nation-wide paper shortage, and we here at TMT simply cannot acquire our usual paper supply. Lest you think us only paper monsters, we promise to return to our original outstanding stock as soon as humanly ... or "inhumanly" possible.

**JOE**

THE MONSTER TIMES IS PRODUCED AND CREATED BY LES WALDSTEIN AND LARRY BRILL. Editor-in-chief: JOE KANE. Managing Editor: JOE BRANCATELLI. Assistant Art Director: LILY HOU. Film Editor: MYRON BERGER. Production/Typesetting Director: RONALD BOOKSTAFF. Media Editor: R. ALLEN LEIDER. Associate Editors: MARK FRANK, MARK EVANIER, STEVE VERTLIEB, JIM WNOORSKI, PHIL SEULING, BILL FERET. Contributing Writers: GODZILLA, DON THOMPSON, JOE THOMASINO, D.A. LATIMER, GARY GERANI, ALAN BRANDMAN, BUDDY WEISS, DON FIOTO, DAVID STIDWORTHY, GARY BROWN, RON HAYDOCK, GARY SVEHLA, LON TALBOT, SEYMOUR, DAVID BARTHOLOMEW, JASON THOMAS, ED SUMMER, GEOFF OLDHAM. Contributing Artists: TOM ARMSTRONG, FRANK BRUNNER, TOM SUTTON, NEAL ADAMS, GRAY MORROW, BILL NELSON, JIM JAMES, BERNI WRIGHTSON, JEFF JONES, ERNIE COLON, JOHN BYRNE, MIKE KALUTA. Contributing Photographers: BARRY GLUSKY EMANUEL MARIS. Circulation: RON STEINITZ. Advertising Manager: LARRY BRILL. Creepy Consultant: THE CREEP. West Coast Representative: LARRY WALDSTEIN.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 28, November 1973, is published monthly by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc., 11 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011. All rights reserved by The Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or part in any manner without express written permission from the publisher. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S.A.: \$6 for 12 issues, \$11 for 24 issues, \$20 for 52 issues. Canada: \$12 for 12 issues, \$20 for 24 issues. Please allow six weeks for subscriptions to become effective. SUBSCRIBER CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Allow eight weeks' notice, and please send an address imprint from a recent issue or state exactly how label is addressed. All subscriptions, inquiries, address changes or undeliverable copies should be sent to: The Monster Times, Post Office Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011. Printed in Canada. Distributed by The Kable News Company, Inc.

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## TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

Dear Blessed Editor...

Allow me first to say that TMT is fab-u-lous (which usually goes without saying anyway!).

But sometimes ye olde TMT writers make their honest mistakes. In this case it is in the person of R. Allen Leider.

He, in his review of THE CREEPING FLESH, gave directorial credit to Wes Craven (TMT #25, page 10). As some may know, Wes Craven is the imbecile who gave us that pile of abominable trash titled LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT. The real director of THE CREEPING FLESH is Freddie Francis, of TALES FROM THE CRYPT fame.

Please make this error known public as I would most definitely hate to see Wes Craven given undue credit for a film he had nothing to do with.

Tim Ferrante  
Keyport, N.J.

Thanks for the helping claw, Tim. Freddie Francis was indeed the director of THE CREEPING FLESH, not the morbid Mr. Craven. However, the mistake was not R. Allen's but one of our paste-up artist's, who stripped in the wrong credit. That person, you may rest assured, has been duly and severely dealt with—and in a manner too horrible to mention even in THE MONSTER TIMES.

To the Editor...

I'm writing concerning your BLOOD FEAST article (TMT #24). I strongly agree that these cheaply made movies are in bad taste. I

recently saw WIZARD OF GORE at the drive-in and found it repulsive. During most of the movie it dealt with ripping open people's stomachs and disemboweling various organs, including the brain. The movie was so bad it shouldn't even have been released. It wasn't a horror film, it was more like a study of anatomy. Horror movies should be a combination of chills and blood, whereas this movie was thoroughly disgusting. These movies have become so distorted that they should just give up.

Kris Ferrari  
Waterbury, Conn.

We strongly agree with your strong agreement with our opinions on the blood — gore movies. Films like BLOOD FEAST and WIZARD OF GORE give the horror genre the bad name that, unfortunately, it so often deserves.

To the Editor...

If you had charged \$2.00 for issue #26 and the only article contained within was Richard Bojarski's THE STRANGE CASE OF RONDO HATTON, it would be a bargain. Needless to say, it was excellent; the finest article to appear in any monster-zine in years!

I've long been an admirer of Bojarski. His features on Dwight Frye, Carradine, Chaney, Atwill etc. were the only worthwhile things in the now defunct FOR MONSTERS ONLY. And now his Hatton article puts the one CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN ran a while back to shame. How he ferreted out so much info on Hatton's bit parts baffles me. Now if you could just get Bojarski to give the same treatment to George Zucco, Martin Kosleck, Tor Johnson, and Frank Reicher...?

For a long time I've heard of THE MONSTER TIMES but it didn't make an appearance in my area until #24. The facts concerning the obscure Chaney film SPIDER BABY revealed in that issue was in itself worth the price of the magazine to me. #25 was good, too. Deservedly, may your paper-zine prosper forever.

A Fan For Life,  
Bill Lazear

Glad you liked the Rondo Hatton article. In addition to Mr. Bojarski, your friendly editors here are looking forward to adding the likes of Raymond T. McNally (co-author of IN SEARCH OF DRACULA), Peter Cushing, and Chris Lee to our contributors' list. And you can bet that the beary-eyed staffers of the TMT Research Dept. will continue to dig up obscure horror film facts for each & every issue.

Dear Monster Times:

There is a very bright orange and near-full moon out tonight, and having just watched Gorgo I feel in the mood to offer some revelations in the form of criticism on what I still consider a fine movie that would astound even the eloquent Tyrannosaurus Atomica. I did not

catch your "Gorgo" issue, so perhaps you've already mentioned it, but you have to admit that some of the rubble crumbling from buildings during Mama's (Papa's?) rage was so poorly superimposed even The Amazing Colossal Man would shudder! I am also upset by the way the news reporter (this is a fault I find in many other movies as well) comments on the scene (i.e. — "Can Mankind still hope to be Lord of the Earth now? Can he possibly expect to overcome this prehistoric terror from before the Dawn of Time? This savage example of the awesome fury of Mother Nature?"). Jeeze! Although the wise-guy child in this film is not as bad as some, I wouldn't have minded seeing him put through a wall by Sam, or nibbled on by Gorgo.

As far as "Spot the Goof" goes, who could overlook the blunder in "Not of This Earth"? In the scene in the kitchen, at the top of the screen, dead center, the mike can be clearly seen. I saw the film twice on TV, and once that brief scene was removed, so who knows if you'll see it? Also, when what's-his-face(?) is chasing the girl, as well as in the final scene with the motorcycle cop, not only are the same backgrounds used, but the exact same action sequences, many times over!

Finally, it's great to see an interesting, intelligent and entertaining new magazine appear. I'm glad that you scorn all the current cheapies, instead of defending them simply because they are monster or some other type of fright film. The latter type of response to bad films (which other publications give) only tends to keep enemies of fright films biased. Don't let it get out of hand, but it's great to see comics featured.

People, pray perpetually (to whatever beings you choose) perhaps producing prettier prospects for the future of MONSTERS. I'm going back now, back to the sea!!!!

John C. Day  
Manhasset, New York

P.S.—After seeing "Phibes," a friend and I both remained in our seats. About a minute after the screen had gone dark, we both heard Vincent Price's laugh coming from the screen. Can anyone confirm this? Are we both crazy or is the laugh really there as a hint to the sequel? Huh? No, do you hear someone laughing?

Thanks for the praise-laden prose, John—and the same goes for your GORGON critique and NOT OF THIS EARTH goof. If any other of you hawk-eyed horror buffs out there have any additional movie errors to report, please send 'em our way so we can run them here. As far as the PHIBES thing goes, we're afraid that we're the wrong ones to ask; the trouble is we're ALWAYS hearing someone laughing. In fact even our imaginary friends have been hearing voices of late. Dr. Sigmund Freud, our mad doctor-in-residence, tells us that there's nothing to worry about though. It's when the STOP laughing that you've got problems...

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Will the beautiful Teresa meet her doom in the greedy pincers of the giant scorpion? Will the same fearsome fate befall fearless geologists Hank and Arturo? And what of lovable tyke Juanito—will he too serve to slake the insatiable appetite of the black monster? You'll find the answers to these and other vital questions below in our filmbook treatment of **THE BLACK SCORPION**. You won't believe you read the whole thing!



**W**ithout warning, a new volcano pushes its way to the surface in a sparsely-populated area of Mexico. It erupts, spewing black ash and red-hot boulders high into the air. Millions of tons of molten rock rush down the sides of the giant earth-funnel, destroying everything in their path. Trees and other vegetation burst into flame as soon as they are touched, and entire acres of rich farmland are completely inundated by the lethal red liquid.

The ever-vigilant seismograph of the University of Mexico records the eruption as being the most violent of modern times. The size of the angry volcano increases with each passing hour, reaching the incredible height of 9,000 feet in only a few days. The unceasing onslaught prevents rescuers from reaching critical zones, and there is no way of determining how long these conditions will last. The peasants who live relatively close to the volcano spend their waking hours in fear for their lives. While the lava is still far away from their villages, they are not safe from the powerful earth tremors, which topple many of their buildings. The people are in constant danger, and all they can really do is pray that they will survive.

#### SCIENTISTS MAKE THE SCENE

When the eruptions finally subside, a jeep from Mexico City is seen bouncing through the hazardous area. Two men—geologists—ride inside it: one is Mexican, the other American. They have been traveling along the unpaved terrain for three days, headed toward the village of San Lorenzo.

Looking down at the ground, Hank Scott, the American, sees tire tracks and observes, "It looks like somebody else has been here lately."

"Army truck, maybe... Police..." Dr. Arturo Ramos supposes.

Later, after the sun has set, they come upon a small group of telephone workmen who are repairing the communication lines. When Hank inquires how far it is to

San Lorenzo, one of the workmen states that the bridges may be damaged.

"A police car went by just before sundown," another mentions. "They didn't come back, so maybe they got through okay."

"Was San Lorenzo hurt badly?" Hank wonders.

"Who knows? The telephone lines are down since the earthquake."

Shortly afterward, as the two men are

driving along, they are startled by a loud, unearthly roar. A steady clicking accompanies the cry.

"What the devil was that?" Hank asks as soon as the jeep stops.

"I don't know," Arturo answers, visibly shaken.

Seeing a farmhouse up ahead, they decide to ask the inhabitants for some water. They pull up to the small building and begin calling out, hoping that someone

will hear them. Arturo goes looking for a well, while Hank continues searching for the owners.

A moment later, Arturo's voice rings out. "Hey, Hank! Come here!" When the American reaches him, he says, "Look at this... Over here, too!" There is a great amount of damage around the well, perhaps caused by the quakes. The entire side of a building is pushed in, and there are large, unnatural impressions in the earth.

"Now what do you suppose—?" Hank begins, but then they notice an abandoned police car not far from them. The front of it is crushed, as if by some enormous, unknown thing. "What could do this to a car out here?" the American wonders.

Just then, a message comes over the car radio. Arturo informs police headquarters of the apparent situation. "The car is badly damaged, but there's no blood," he states. The geologists are informed that a military intelligence emergency unit will be sent to San Lorenzo immediately.

#### A SINISTER SOUND

As they prepare to leave, they hear a sharp, distinct sound. Assuming it's a snake, they go into the house and discover that it is only a baby playing with a rattle. Because there is no one else around, they decide to take the infant with them to the town. As they are leaving, they again hear the strange, awesome roar.

The men stop for an instant, listening carefully to the blood-curdling sound. After it ceases, they move to a point far

Richard Denning as geologist Hank Scott reaches for his trusty weapon which, of course, proves useless against the awesome attack of the **BLACK SCORPION**. After all the monster movies he's been in, you'd think he would have learned that much by now.

Back in 1957, special effects ace Willis O'Brien deemed fit to design and bring to life **THE BLACK SCORPION**, one of the screen's hungriest horrors. But not only did the film feature the terrifying title character—it also boasted of a whole horde of outsized scorpions, as well as a giant earthworm, huge spider, and other menacing members of the insect world. Here to tell the whole sinister story of a **BLACK SCORPION** gone amok in Mexico is TMT scribe Jason Thomas...

# THE BLACK SCORPION

by JASON THOMAS

Arturo (Carlos Rivas), Teresa (Mara Corday), and Hank find a tiny, prehistoric scorpion trapped inside a slab of hardened volcanic rock. That discovery, however, is only the beginning of their travails.





off to one side of the farmhouse, in search of the unknown beast. Suddenly, a large branch falls from a tree, revealing the torn and battered corpse of a police sergeant, propped up against a brick wall, a look of utter horror frozen on his face. Hank checks the officer's pistol, and ominously announces, "Every cartridge has been fired." Upon notifying police headquarters of their discovery, the men proceed to San Lorenzo.

The next day, the travelers reach the earthquake-stricken town. The populace is very excited when they arrive, and everyone crowds around the open jeep. The local priest welcomes them. The baby is turned over to a woman and the three men go inside the priest's office to discuss matters privately. There, the visitors are told that another family of farmers disappeared just after the eruption; their home was also destroyed by an unknown force. The bodies of three other people were found a week ago. They were mangled, just like the policeman's and all were bloodless. Cattle were also found dead, particularly those on a huge estate not far from the town. No one can explain the sudden rash of disasters.

Later, while searching for a trail among the rocks, Hank sees a young woman riding a horse in the distance. When she falls off, the pair rush to her rescue.

They soon find the beautiful girl, and she introduces herself as Teresa Alvarez, owner of the ranch the priest spoke about. At her request, the men drive her back to San Lorenzo. Along the way there, it is decided that they will use the plantation as their headquarters.

As soon as they arrive at the town, Teresa shames her vaqueros into returning to work. Soon afterward, the geologists are summoned to the town's research laboratory. There, they meet with the town doctor, who tells them many surprising things.

"There was only one wound. Here," he says, pointing to the back of his neck. "But

and flattens cornfields, it would be amazing if there were no footprints!"

They go over to a large plaster cast, and Arturo states, "I never saw the mold of a print this size!"

The doctor says, "Whatever it is, my friends, I don't believe **anyone** has ever seen a foot—a claw—this size, except those poor unfortunates who wish they never had."

#### MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH...

Early the next day, Hank and Arturo accompany Teresa and her men to the ranch. Hank observes that the property is almost directly in line with the lava flow. "There are bluffs but it (the all-destroying red liquid) didn't go any further," the woman explains, "or our plantation would

ions are amazed to see that the insect is alive! It scurries about the tabletop, squeaking in protest against the room's bright lights. As far as everyone knows, this is impossible. The deadly little creature should be dead. Juanito, a little servant boy, brings a jar and captures the scorpion for the scientists to study it.

A romantic interest is developing between Hank and Teresa. They are about to step outside when the phone rings, revealing that the repairmen have completed their work.

"Just testing the line," the man announces. "All clear, Ma'am. Yours is the last one."

A loud roar of unknown origin abruptly rips through the stillness of the night. Whatever uttered it is near the communications workmen. An insect-like clicking sound is also heard, amidst other roars. The thing is under a nearby bridge... an enormous black scorpion, many times larger than a man! One of the workmen is killed by the monster, but the other two do not know what is going on yet.

Teresa hears the roars and shouts, and calls Hank to the phone.

After a few seconds, he says, "Hello! Hello! Hello, what's wrong?"

His question is ignored. "Look out!" the man on the telephone pole cries as he sees the oncoming giant. "Run! Get to the truck!"

The third man reaches the vehicle and tries to drive off. The creature charges at the truck, its eight huge spindlegs propelling it along at a fantastic speed. Reaching its prey, the monster grabs the truck in its powerful pincers and effortlessly lifts it into the air. The driver's frantic screams last until the super-insect hurls the truck to the hard ground.

With the vehicle taken care of, the colossus turns its attention to the last man. In vain, the survivor climbs higher, but he is plucked from the pole and held in the titan's huge pincers. An instant later, the helpless victim is stung by the poisonous stinger at the end of the scorpion's whip-like tail.

At Teresa's plantation, the animals become frightened by some unseen danger. When the ranchers investigate, they see another giant scorpion advancing toward them. Sounding like the first monster, it swoops down upon the property, intent upon eating the cattle. Hank tries shooting it with a rifle, but the bullets do no good. As the people run for their horses and trucks, the volcano erupts again. Lava pours down the sides, and once again San Lorenzo suffers the burning wrath of the quakes.

#### TOWN TORN BY TERROR

At the same time, still another scorpion



The Black Scorpion, in the flesh, flexes its greedy pincers as it moves in on its prey, while Denning levels another trusty but equally useless weapon against it. In addition to creating The Black Scorpion, special effects ace Willis O'Brien also designed such exotic insects as oversized spiders and enormous earthworms for the film.



The brave geologists, accompanied by beautiful girl Teresa and lovable tyke Juanito, enjoy a brief desert respite between giant scorpion attacks and before renewing their search for the insatiable invaders.

no blood... and the strange bacteria—bacteria found in the soil samples near the footprints."

"Footprints?" the other men ask, amazed.

"You are amazed," the doctor observes. "When something knocks down buildings

have been ruined like the rest of the land."

That night, Arturo shows Hank and Teresa a large chunk of volcanic rock that he found in the village. Holding it up to the light, they see that the centuries-old specimen contains a black scorpion. When Dr. Ramos breaks it open, he and his compan-

attacks the town. Panic reigns everywhere! So huge are these creatures, and so long are their legs, that the one in the town is able to stand directly over a group of people without touching them. The frightened populace runs about in a wild effort to find safety. Some unfortunates fall; they are run over and crushed by their fleeing neighbors. The soldiers stationed in the town use their automatic weapons against the inhuman attacker, to no avail. People are scooped up and eaten by the giant.

The next day, military and medical reinforcements arrive. The wounded are loaded into trucks and ambulances and driven away. The dead are buried. All of the animals are gone—devoured.

Doctor Velasco, an authority on life-forms, arrives to supervise emergency operations. He believes that the scorpions, which appear to have been driven to the surface from their habitat deep in the earth, are apparently remnants of the Triassic era. He explains, "They come out to eat only at night. Thus, we have the daylight hours to try to find and destroy them. They are also somewhat slow and lethargic, until inflamed by the smell of blood."



"What weapon will be effective against these monsters?" an army official asks.

"Gas. Poison gas. It has been proved effective against normal species. Let us pray it works against the 'Scorpion Eater Rex.' If it doesn't, may God help all of us."

At dawn, the geologists and some soldiers and horsemen set out in search of the scorpion nest. Mendoza, one of the vaqueros, locates a large crater and yells to the others, but his horse loses its footing, and both rider and animal fall into the opening.

"This crevice is new," Hank points out when he and the others reach the spot. "It must have opened during one of the earthquakes." Hank and Arturo decide to go down into it.

Fearing there might be harmful fumes in the cave, the two men don protective suits. When they are ready, they enter what looks like the bottom half of a large birdcage. This is attached to a crane by way of a very strong cable, and is stocked with rifles, poison gas tanks and other equipment.

The conveyance is lowered into the crevice, and on the way down the men see a giant scorpion on a ledge. It roars angrily, its pincers reaching out for the metal cage. Hank takes a picture of the beast. The flashbulb interrupts the darkness, and the insect moves back in fear. The long descent continues, until the men soon come to a cavern of tremendous proportions, dimly illuminated by some unspecified substance. The cage sets down in what looks like another world. A loud wind is heard sweeping through the cavern. Bats fly about, disturbed by the invaders from the surface. Occasionally, the growl of an unseen titan drowns out the sound of the wind.

Before the pair start their search, they check to see if the birds they brought down with them are still singing. They are, which means that there are no poison gases seeping through that part of the grotto.

When the men walk off, Juanito, Teresa's servant boy, pops up from behind the equipment. Unknown to everyone else, he has stowed away in the cage. Now alone, he is afraid. Leaving the conveyance, he watches in awe as a 30-foot-long prehistoric earthworm crawls by. These curious specimens have two short arms, which also end in pincers.

#### THE LAST OF MENDOZA

Elsewhere, Hank photographs one of the worms. The bright flash startles the nocturnal creature; it rears back on its tail and emits a high-pitched screech that echoes throughout the cavern. Soon after-

The Black Scorpion breaks out and scours the Mexican countryside in search of innocent victims to glut his monstrous maw and satisfy his enormous appetite. TMT readers should be informed that our sprawling staff of photo editors spent many long, thankless hours tracking this rare still down; the cost for this one shot alone ran—if you count decimal points—into the three-figure mark.



# EVERY HORROR YOU'VE SEEN ON THE SCREEN GROWS PALE BESIDE THE HORROR OF **THE BLACK SCORPION**



**BLACK**—so you  
can't see him  
until he's ready  
to get you!

**UNCUT!**  
Every terror  
exactly as  
filmed!

**BLOODLESS**  
—that's why he  
wants yours!

## HE'LL GET YOU SCARED STIFF!

Considering the fact that the star of the film is a BLACK scorpion, it seems reasonable enough to assume that he makes other monsters seem pale. Whether or not he'll make you scared stiff is a matter that must be left to the individual viewer and his credulity to decide. Notice how we slyly resort to snide asides when we have nothing to say about a particular photo?

ward, the men find Mendoza's hat and rifle ... it is obvious that one of the monsters found him first.

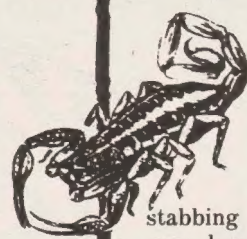
Without warning, a horde of giant

scorpions charge out of a nest in the wall. Arturo fires his high-powered rifle at the things, but the bullets do not even penetrate their thick, armored hides. Only one of the enormous killers seems to notice the "tiny" men. They quickly evade the hunter, and it lumbers off to another part of the cave.

As the scientists progress, they see a fierce battle between two scorpions and an earthworm. The uneven battle is short, but very noisy. For a while, the oversized annelid holds its own against the aggressors. In the end, however, it is stung to death, and the victors begin to drag it away to their lair. All of a sudden, a black scorpion that dwarfs all the others comes along to claim the meat. The colossal intruder quickly slays one of the smaller ones by picking it up and stabbing it in an unprotected area of the throat. The other one takes off, and the giants' giant takes its prize.

Juanito is still roaming around in search of his friends. The boy runs for his life when a huge spider charges at him. The boy reaches a small cave, but the hungry arachnid threatens to grab him. The men, having heard him, arrive and shoot the beast to death.

As the trio make their way back to the conveyance, they see a scorpion attack it. The crawling horror grabs the cage and tries to wrench it from the cable. The monster struggles with its metal captive,



stabbing it occasionally. Eventually, the cage breaks off and the beast scurries away with its "food."

The only way for the men to get out of the cavern is by going up the dangling cable. Arturo tries first, and the crane begins to hoist him up. In the nick of time, he makes it to the surface, and the cable is lowered for Hank and Juanito. As it is coming down, a group of scorpions charge out of the cave's shadows. The lead one just misses grabbing the American and his companion as they are being lifted to safety.

Hank estimates that there are about fifty of the oversized insects in the pit. Since there is no better way of eliminating this threat, it's decided that the opening should be sealed with dynamite. Then, hopefully, the scorpions will be trapped forever. Without further delay, the task is accomplished.



At the bottom of the cavern, the sight of a whole nest of scorpions moves Richard Denning to aim yet another useless weapon against his giant foes. The cavern soon becomes the site of a monstrous civil war that pits scorpion against scorpion ... with the biggest scorpion of all coming up the winner.

#### SCORPIONS SCOUR COUNTRYSIDE

A few days later, Dr. Velasco summons Hank, Arturo and Teresa to Mexico City, where the geologists are informed by scientists that some scorpions may have escaped from underground. Aerial photographs, taken a day after the cave was sealed, showed a dead giant not far from the metropolis. The authorities realize that, if one survived, others could have too.

That very night, the Monterrey-Mexico City express train speeds through the beautiful countryside. Its numerous passengers are on a normal journey—until the motorman sees an enormous scorpion towering over the tracks ahead. Not knowing what else to do, and unable to stop the train in time, he pulls the cord of the loud warning whistle. The monster roars, as if in answer to a challenge. Instead of moving out of the way, it charges toward the approaching "earthworm."

The train, upon hitting the prehistoric

Continued on page 29





In a pose that sent anatomy students scurrying to their textbooks, **PLASTIC MAN** finishes off a villain of epic proportions. There was never any limit to the stretching powers of **PLAS**; he could elongate eyeballs, fingers, nose, ears, anything.

# PLASTIC MAN

Almost without exception, comic book companies have chosen corporate titles which have been about as self-effacing as a drunken butler on the eve of his retirement. There's **MARVEL**, the **MIGHTY COMICS GROUP**, **ENTERTAINING COMICS**, **GOLD KEY**, **TOWER COMICS**, **TIMELY**, and **FILL IN THE BLANK COMICS**.

But the comic books which emanated from **QUALITY** were just that. There was Will Eisner's **SPIRIT**, a character whose somber yet humorous exploits were chronicled in a style so inspired and innovative that Eisner's spirit was perpetuated long beyond his active participation in the field of commercial comic books.

There was Reed Crandall's elegantly rendered episodic saga of a non-super but still heroic team of universal soldiers, known as **BLACKHAWK**.

And there was Jack Cole's **PLASTIC MAN**. The **Plastic Man** character has had many imitators, but none of the Elongated Men, Mr. Fantastics, Elastic Lads, or

"The Game of Death" marked Plastic Man's first appearance in a comic book and came out back in 1943. The satirical superhero lasted well into the 1950's, was reprinted and finally reincarnated by National in the mid-60's.



Metal Men Mercurys and Platinums have duplicated the sheer genius of the original **Plastic Man**.

**Plastic Man** was mercilessly exploited by Jack Cole. Every tensile tract of possibility was explored, utilized, and discarded only when its inherent supply of viable gimmickery, plot advancement, and sheer ribaldry had been completely depleted by Cole's obliquely imaginative mind. But exploitation, in Cole's dictionary, was a word to be used in every imaginable way—excluding the derogatory. The comic book reading public of the forties and early fifties could scarcely ask for anything better than an optimally exploited **Plastic Man**.

The groundwork gimmick, contrived in parody of the legions of contemporary four-color super-crusaders, was simple—and simultaneously designed to make the most complicated and convoluted of comic strip panels seem logical. **Plastic Man** could stretch ... any part of his body. Actually, the effects of **Plastic Man's** inadvertent bath in the clichéd vat of

mysterious chemicals was a little more complex than that: As well as possessing the ability to stretch all portions of his body, **Plastic Man** retained full control over his miraculously malleable body. Sort of like an amoeba.

## A STRETCH IN TIME

Like this: Suppose that **Plas** was perched on a five-story rooftop and that he desired to eavesdrop on a bunch of bad guys holed up in a kitchen on the third floor of a building across the street a half-block down. He'd merely elongate his ear—and propel it down the convenient chimney to the first floor, out the window, slithering over the sidewalk, down a sewer, along the drainage system to the subject building's drainpipes, up the pipes, and out of the kitchen faucet. Voila!—expert wire-tapping without the necessity for so much as a wire. The only hazards were the possibility of fastidious villains—it wouldn't do for that ear if, say, the baddies were doing the dishes—and the chance encounter with any lit fire-





This early PLASTIC MAN cover showed the tremendous influence Will Eisner (of THE SPIRIT fame) had on Cole and the Quality line. Quite unlike the Jack Cole inside, the cover was slickly Eisner-ish, and the girl looks like a direct steal!

places on the way down that chimney. However, assuming no such calamities had transpired and that Plas's elongated ear had picked up the proverbial goods on the despicable desperadoes, Plas—an FBI agent, it should be noted—would then retract his overextended ear, step down to street level (it's a wonder Plas EVER bothered with all those tiresome STAIRS), and with one half-league stretching stride hie himself to the hide-out, there to collar the criminals—perhaps literally, by stretching his collarbone into an ersatz lasso. More likely—and more legitimately faithful to his absurd character—Plas would simply leave his ear in the faucet, using it to pull the rest of his ductile body down that chimney to the first floor, out the window, down the sewer...and out the faucet. THEN he'd collar the crooks ... if they weren't already unconscious from shock. Somehow, they

never were, preferring instead to accept all manner of incontrovertible incongruencies with a stoicism surely envied by poker players everywhere. Which, of course, left them conscious and kicking for some delicious fracas scenes.

POSITIVELY PLASTIC

Pliable Plas was perhaps the epitome of the archetypal dapper darling in costumed hero comic strips. Adorned in a crimson body-shirt with black-and-yellow waist stripes and a slashed V-neckline accentuated by black cross-strings, his legs and feet were either bare or sheathed in a skin-tight, flesh-colored leotard affair. An eccentric pair of sunglasses (more like those cardboard goggles distributed with 50's 3D comics) completed the ensemble. A curious facet of Plas's appearance was, if indeed his feet were bare and not encased in stocking-like apparel, that his toes were not articulated. But then, with feet as flexible as his, the intrinsic function of toes become, in comparison, ludicrously ineffectual.

Plastic Man's (mis)adventures were narrated throughout the forties and into the mid-fifties (comprising an unusual longevity for a "super-hero" of that period) in POLICE COMICS and, appropriately enough, PLASTIC MAN Comics. Will Eisner is frequently credited with the creation of the unique character, but even the most fanatic of Eisner advocates would be hard-pressed to repudiate the assertion that it was Jack Cole who was responsible for the strip's unqualified success both in terms of quality and commercial profits. QUALITY abandoned its comics line in the mid-fifties, selling the rights to all its strips and characters to NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. Hence the immediate continuation of BLACKHAWK, the 60's (altered) version of PLASTIC MAN, and the recent spate of direct reprints—all from NATIONAL.

PLASTIC'S PAL

With a character as flagrantly hilarious



POLICE COMICS was the other magazine PLASTIC MAN and Woozy Winks appeared in regularly. After the departure of the comedy team, POLICE was turned into a private eye comic. No one ever thought of using policeman in POLICE COMICS.

as Plastic Man, a comic relief sidekick would patently seem to be gilding the plastic lily. But WOZZY WINKS came off just fine. The direct antithesis of the ever-changing, normally thin Plastic Man, Woozy was ponderously fat and slow. Further, he was constantly attired in a green shirt whose polka-dots only served to emphasize his rotundity. Drawn by Cole with ridiculously short arms and an immense girth, it would have been physically impossible for the bungling fatman to so much as reach his shoelaces. But who's worried about as trivial an impossibility as that after witnessing Plas's credulity-stretching antics? Suffice to say Woozy perpetually immersed himself in trouble from which Plas constantly extricated him. Woozy also engaged in a relentless series of attempts to secure a position with the FBI, just like his hero Plas. His pitiful heroics were the source of a back-up feature in Plastic Man's own comic.

Similarly unlikely, and despite Harvey Kurtzman's fondness for lampooning every target in sight, it would appear to be pointless for a comic like MAD to satirize Plastic Man, a comic book already wallowing in self-satire. Still, the parody, PLASTIC SAM, was brilliantly carried off by Kurtzman in conjunction with the lamentably ignored artist Russ Heath, who here demonstrated talents not normally within the range of his usually ultra-realistic domain. The strip may be found in the Mad paperback reprint anthology, SON OF MAD.

# PLASTIC SAM



This PLASTIC SAM parody appeared in MAD MAGAZINE back in the days when Harvey Kurtzman was still editor. Drawn by Russ Heath, one of comicdom's most underrated geniuses, the MAD takeoff succeeded in stretching the reader's credibility even more than the original ... no easy task, that!

old every-picture-tells-a-story was never truer than it was in Cole's comic. Here's a hypothetical example from my own noggin: Plastic Man has just been walloped in the puss by some heavy and his head is flying backwards with the full force of the brutal blow, causing his neck to stretch—and stretch and... Following the stretching neck we see it's traveling at lightning rapidity through an open window on one side of a building and out another window on the other side, wrapping itself six times around a telephone pole, then zooming in one side of a car's open window and out the other, wrapping around a fire hydrant, bouncing off a brick wall over there, which upsets a window washer's platform which causes his water bucket to plummet down onto the head of someone hanging out a window one floor below, with the neck meanwhile tying up another telephone pole, and ultimately upsetting a fruit dealer's apple cart, sending the careening apples down the street so that Woozy, over there in the corner of the panel, has his opportunity to characteristically make a buffoon of himself by slipping on one of them. Wheh, folks, that was one panel. Kurtzman calls that sort of thing "eyeball kicks," and I've yet to meet someone who would deny that their eyeballs had quite a kick following the erratic path of Plas's wayward neck.

Besides these stories-within-an-isolated-panel, Cole similarly excelled in narrative panel progressions, wherein each panel is like a single drawing in an animated cartoon. And just as one had to be sharp-



"I AIN'T GOT NO BOD-EEE..."

This is the most famous of all Jack Cole cartoons for PLAYBOY magazine, and it appeared in several of their later cartoon collections. Cole, along with Charles W. Miller and W. Simms Campbell, were PLAYBOY's premiere artists until early in the 1960's.

eyed to follow the jumbled chaos of interconnected events occurring within almost each and every single panel, an equivalent facility of perception was necessary to fully appreciate Cole's successive panel continuity. For example: First panel shows crooks entering a room, guns drawn menacingly (or at least as menacingly as possible within the confines of Jack Cole's levity-branded style)—but notice that red rug with the black-and-yellow telltale stripes over in the corner? Remember it. Next panel: Crooks stepping on "rug" which begins to tremor slightly. And third panel: Surprise, surprise, the "rug" is a pancake-flattened Plastic Man who even now is elongating the edges of his body to seal the crooks up in a rubberized sack. Perhaps he uses his tongue for a drawstring at the top.

Or, how about a crook looking around frantically for a suddenly vanished Plastic Man? See that red tie he's wearing with the black-and-yellow stripes on it? Yes, the crook is choked blue-in-the-face by his own tie in the very next panel.

And a whole comic book of these things were once on sale at the corner newsstand for ten cents a copy... \*sigh\*

FROM PLASTIC MAN TO PLAYBOY

Just where does one go after the phenomenal popularity of Plastic Man? Well, Jack Cole went to Playboy.

On the near-north side of Chicago, in the

Continued on page 31



This was the revived Plastic Man, drawn by Gil Kane for National Comics. Despite an obvious attempt to copy the Cole style and humor, it was a total failure and lasted only ten issues. One of its greatest flaws was National's decision to use a crew-cut, ivy-league partner for Plas, rather than the unsavory—but very funny—Woozy Winks.

"EYEBALL KICKS"

Although Cole's Plastic Man work virtually defies analysis, a recent attempt to analyze it brought to light one irrevocable truism. The more you examine a Cole Plastic Man panel the more you fully comprehend the wealth of narrative detail embodied within the drawing itself. The



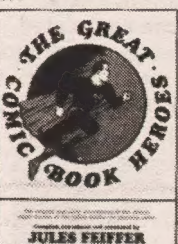
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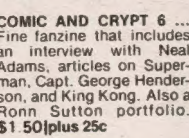
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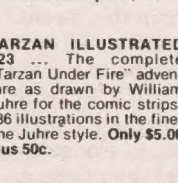
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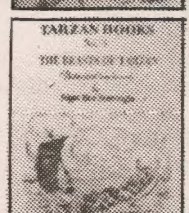
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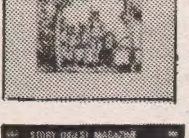
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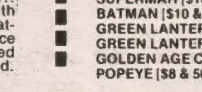
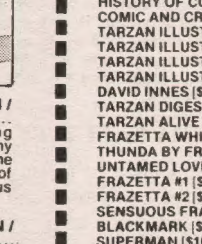
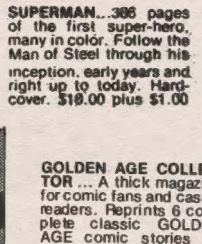
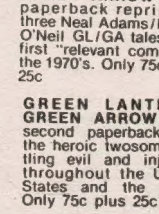
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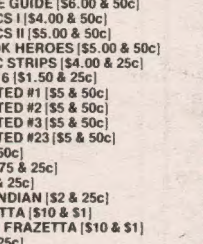
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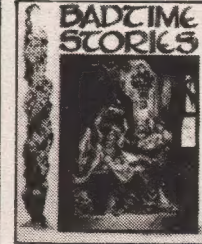
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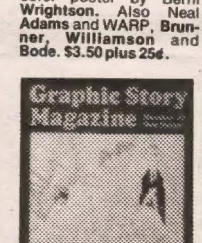
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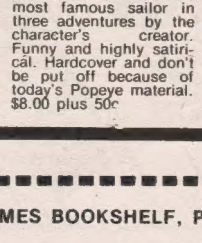
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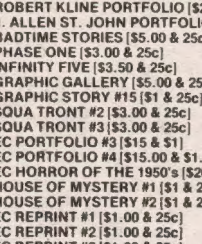
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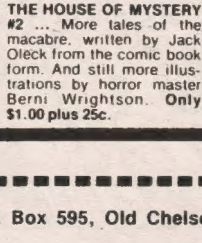
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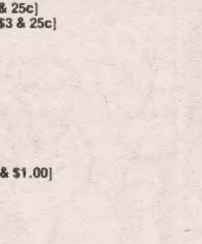
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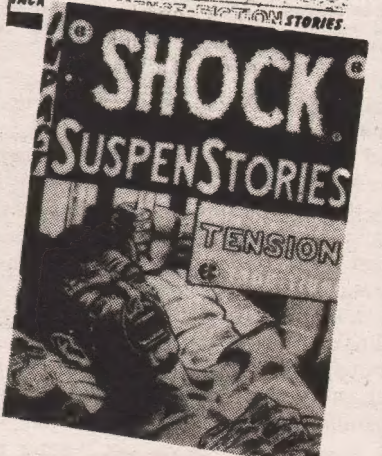
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Geoffrey Oldham is one of the many pseudonyms used by our many secret creature correspondents who have infiltrated many top media posts. Posing as a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan news service, Mr. "Oldham" has been busy tracking down nefarious news about several perverse projects about to escape from Hammer's House of Horror. Hammer Films is branching out in all kinds of exciting new directions, and "Geoffrey" tells the whole story here.

If you're a Hammer fan, and you've been wondering what your favorite company has been up to lately, get ready for some good news! In addition to their usual fright film production schedule, the friendly fiends at Hammer are concentrating on a number of new horror projects sure to delight dyed-in-the-wool monster-lovers of all ages.

#### HAMMER HITS HOME

First, Hammer hopes to invade the home screen with a series of made-for-TV shockers. Hammer tried TV once before, but it didn't quite work out. Back in the fifties, the company filmed the pilot for a projected series on Frankenstein. Actually, it was quite good, but the world of television wasn't ready yet for the world of horror. Most TV executives were too afraid of negative reaction from local PTA's who felt fright films were ruining the minds of British and American youths. Now that horror has become more acceptable on the home screen, it seems only proper that the leading company in the field should turn its attention to the new market. A format has already been decided upon, and right now the Hammer stable of writers are hard at work preparing scripts for twelve TV movies that will each run 90 minutes in length and will be designed for late-night television audiences. The Hammer executives reason that the package will be quite easy to sell, since Hammer's name has become synonymous with horror. But the company is also working on a number of distinctly non-horror TV offerings for the coming year. Among them, a series based on the movie **RAFFLES** in which David Niven played a likeable thief.

#### ROBIN'S RETURN

Hammer will return to another of its

A horrific Hammer double-bill you can expect to be seeing soon.

favorite subjects for yet another TV series—this one based on the adventures of Robin Hood. The company has plenty of experience to draw upon. Back in 1954 they turned out their first Robin Hood feature, **MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. It starred Don Taylor as the man who stole from the rich and gave to the poor, and proved to be fairly successful both in Britain and America. Hammer next explored the Robin Hood legend in 1960 with the technicolor production of **SWORD OF SHERWOOD FOREST**. This was a bit more successful than their initial effort, due, perhaps, to the fact that it had an all-star cast headed by Richard Greene (famous for his TV portrayal of the character) and Peter Cushing. Hammer's final feature in the series was the 1967 production, **A CHALLENGE FOR ROBIN HOOD**. There were no name stars in the cast, which apparently contributed to the film's relatively quiet reception. There's been no word yet on the casting for the projected television series, but it's probably safe to assume that Cushing will be too busy with movie assignments to recreate his role as the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Greene, of late, has been turning his attention toward character roles (witness his performance in the Amicus production, **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**).

Of course, Hammer isn't abandoning its movie schedule. In fact, the next few months will find a number of new Hammer releases on tap.

#### MORE MOVIE MONSTERS

As usual, they'll be a pretty even mix of horror, adventure, and comedy. American audiences can forget about seeing most of Hammer's comedy offerings. Very few play in the states, for the simple reason that they're geared to audiences in Britain. Most of these films are "spin-offs" from popular British TV series. For example, Hammer is now concentrating on sequels to the very popular film, **ON THE BUSES**. As the title implies, these films deal with the trials and tribulations of London's bus drivers, and are aimed primarily at the domestic market. But have no fear—Hammer hasn't forgotten

# HAMMER STRIKES AGAIN!

by GEOFFREY OLDHAM



Female Jack (Jacqueline?) the Ripper applies razor to throat of voluptuous victim in ad art for Hammer's **HANDS OF THE RIPPER**, a 1971 outing. While there'll be more chills and gore coming from that company, Hammer will no longer be living by horror films alone.

This fanciful portrait of **COUNTESS DRACULA** graced an ad for the film of the same name. Ingrid Pitt played the title role in the 1970 effort.



the world-wide market for horror. Their upcoming releases will include new additions to the Frankenstein and Dracula series, as well as a few surprises!

**FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL** is the latest entry in Hammer's most popular horror series. Once again, Peter Cushing essays the role of the evil Baron Frankenstein—this time posing as "Dr. Victor." The dangerous doctor is working at an asylum, where he conveniently uses the bodies of dead inmates to create a living creature. The monster's makeup is quite different from previous Hammer films, with the Baron's creation resembling Charles Laughton in the remake of **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**. The creature finally meets his end at the hands of angry inmates.

The new Dracula offering is a follow-up to the successful **DRACULA AD 1972**. It's called **DRACULA IS DEAD AND WELL AND LIVING IN LONDON**, and once again pits Cushing as Van Helsing against

Lee as Dracula. (There is some talk of calling it **THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA**.) There are the usual black masses and strange goings-on, as well as a regular "vampire army" surrounding the bloodthirsty Count. He finally disappears in a pile of dust, reminiscent of the original Hammer entry in this series, **HORROR OF DRACULA**.

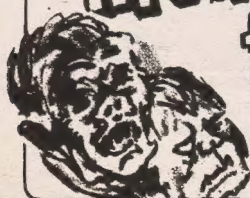
Vampires are the subject of another new Hammer film, **CAPTAIN KRONOS, VAMPIRE HUNTER** (although the final release title may be simplified to **KRONOS**). Brian Clemens directs **KRONOS** from his own screenplay. If the name sounds familiar, he's the fellow responsible for those great episodes of the old **AVENGERS** TV series. Cushing and Lee are absent from this one, but Horst Janson and John Carter reportedly do quite well in their respective roles of Kronos and Professor Grost. And if the name **KRONOS** sounds familiar, that's

Continued on page 25

## CAPTAIN KRONOS VAMPIRE HUNTER



## Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell





# the Monster Scene

In keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE... brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of applause).

## Monsterous Headache Sale!



SAVE \$3.55 SQ. YD.

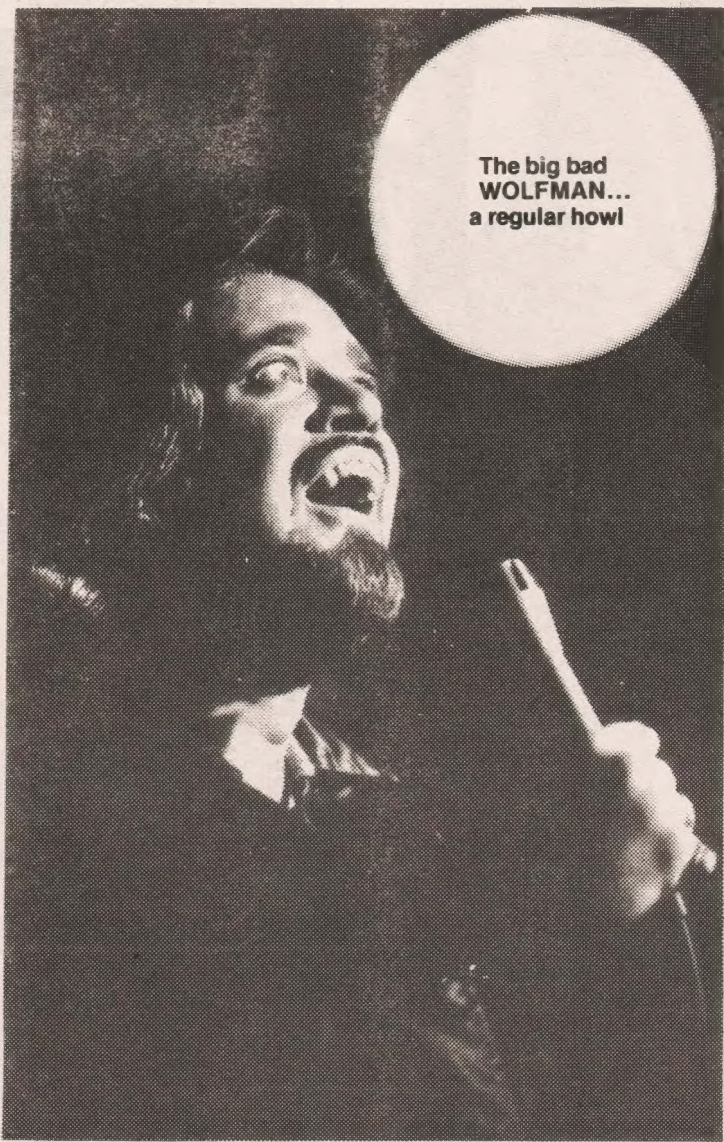
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## MONSTER'S MUG PLUGS RUGS

TMT reader Chuck Leon sent us this ad, which appeared in the July 24th edition of the Portland Oregonian. The ad hawks a carpet sale that went on at M.E. Dinihanian & Sons and features the Frankenstein Monster wearing an icepack to relieve his "Monsterous (sic) Headache." Well, it went over in Portland at least.



## WOLFMAN HOWLS

WOLFMAN JACK, the frog-voiced, fang-toothed disc jockey from the West Coast, moved to New York recently, where he's been contributing to the Fun City noise pollution problem from 7PM till Midnight, Monday thru Saturday, on WNBC radio.

Since August 6th, Wolfman has been literally clawing his way to the top of the radio scene, threatening to oust rival rapper Cousin Brucie and thereby conquer the airwaves in the name of evil and monsterdom. Sharing the station with personal fiend and fellow deejay Don (THE

AMAZING COLOSSAL MOUTH) Imus, Wolfman Jack brings not only extensive music biz experience but a life-long love of horror flicks to his new show, which is (needless to say) a howl. In addition to his radio gigs, W.J. also co-hosts NBC-TV's MID-NIGHT SPECIAL rock show and has a featured role in the recently released film, AMERICAN GRAFFITI. We at TMT wish Wolfman Jack the beast of everything, and hope he'll keep howling and carrying on in the tradition of the great obnoxious deejays and mindless monster movies of the 50's.

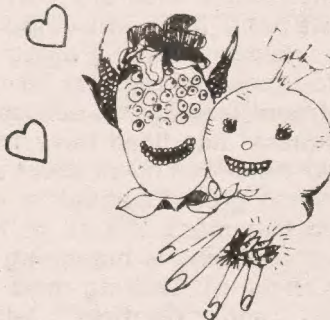
## MAD MUSICIANS MAKE MONSTROUS MUSIC

Monster music is back on the charts! Not only is the re-issue of Bobby Pickett's THE MONSTER MASH making a graveyard smash of itself again, but a grotesque group of monster musicians called "THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT" is currently knocking them dead on Long Island with their own beastly brand of horror rock. The band, whose members range from 20 to 24 years of age, features Geoffrey Black (Count Dracula) on guitar, Roy Silwood (The Mummy) on sax, John Gentile (The Phantom of the Opera) on organ, Frank Mangerie (Frankenstein) on bass, Richie Stevens (The Wolfman) on drums, and Franklin Cool (Yanush) on vocals. The group, created by Joseph Schwartz, have done their fiendish thing at many local clubs and outdoor concerts, have worked with The Four Seasons, and are set to tape the pilot show for a proposed TV series. "The Children of the Night," writes group spokesmonster Geoffrey Black, "are dedicated to amusing the apathetic society of today. It is time for the absurd." The existence of this very publication should more than support that

## DR. FRANKENBEANS

by ronald l. smith

Dr. Frankenbeans worked hard  
All night and into dawn  
Creating a mad monster fiend  
Who had an ear of corn.  
Peas for teeth and spinach hair  
His looks could be despised.  
A head made of potatoes  
Gave him fifty seven eyes.  
The monster looked around a bit,  
Then suddenly did state,  
"Now lettuce work together Doc  
So I can have a mate."  
The monster girl could not be beet  
It surely wasn't folly  
A girl to fill the lonely nights  
That had been melancholy.  
The girl said, "Dear we cantelope,  
It would not be the thing."  
So first the two became engaged -  
With a 14 carrot ring.



As part of our cultural program, the Bridgehampton IGA is happy to bring you a different poem every week by the well-known meat and vegetable poet ronald l. smith. We hope you enjoy Mr. Smith's poetry as much as you enjoy the items he mentions.

BRIDGEHAMPTON

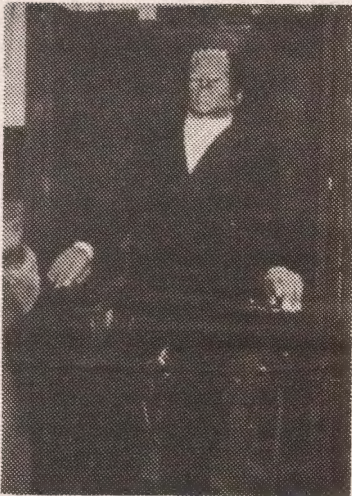


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## AN ODISIOUS ODE

More creative shrapnel from the Long Island cultural explosion: a poem called "Dr. Frankenbeans" —penned by the "well-known meat and vegetable poet" ronald l. smith—that appeared in an ad for a Bridgehampton IGA store in a recent issue of the SOUTH HAMPTON SUNNY DAY. We

turned the item over to the TMT Literary Staff, but they offered little comment beyond growling that the poem "is lacking in literary substance, offers nothing new in terms of language, fails to create a seamless symbolic structure, and doesn't make no sense."



## MONSTER MAKERS

Every morning the long shadow of the Empire State Building creeps across the factory of Messmore and Damon. Inside the factory stands a ten-foot high mechanized replica of KING KONG. Founded in 1914, the company constructs life-like monsters and prehistoric beasts for amusement parks, Broadway shows and trade exhibitions.

According to Francis Messmore their monsters can do anything. Electric motors control their movements and tape recordings

permit speech, grunts, and screams. Before you run out to buy one, though, you should keep in mind the fact that prices for a moving Frankenstein run \$15,000, a Phantom of the Opera sings for \$18,000 and a Wolfman will howl for nothing less than \$15,000. Each creature weighs 600 pounds and is constructed of steel, wood, rattan, aluminum, elastic, canvas and latex. If you think you'd like to adopt one of these mechanical monsters for your very own, we suggest you start putting your pennies away now.



## SMALL-TOWN MONSTERS MAKE GOOD

These eerily opulent monsters grace an ad for GRIT, The National Small Town Weekly.

"Like your typical monster," the copy reads, "the small-town market is neither well-known nor understood." It goes on to state

that, "Rural non-farm small towns are 22% of America, and they're growing like Godzilla." True, the whole monster tie-in here is neither clever nor particularly appropriate, but at least it gave a good illustrator a chance to pick up a little free-lance work.



last contention. The Children of the Night should be making themselves heard in the near future, carrying

on the Monster Mash tradition and even boldly going where no musician has gone before. Watch for them!



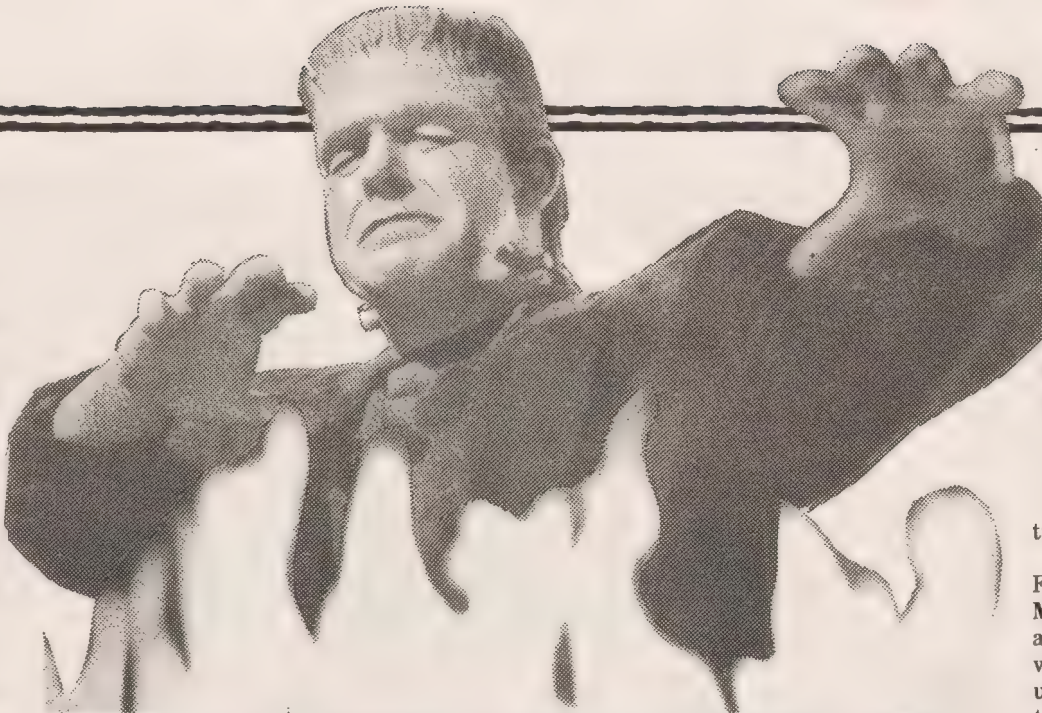
**M**oviedom's biggest moments have oftentimes been centered around death, with either the hero, heavy, or heroine succumbing to the final sleep. How many times has the villain gotten his just desserts, the sweet heroine met a tragic death, the hero found peace from a tormented life? Depending upon the talent involved in the films, death can be surprising, shocking, depressing, disgusting or even completely unmoving.

The most memorable cinematic deaths are those wherein the character who finally dies is recognizable; he/she has identifiable characteristics and is not two-dimensional. And should the depth of the character be unimportant, the way one dies must compensate for this. It must be a bizarre, unnatural, original death. Horror films have been used to evoke emotional responses in the audience for years, and quite often rely upon individuality in death to create shock.

The horror genre has had its share of death, and often probes beyond it. Let's face it most people consider death horrible - or, at the very least, unpleasant. What kind of a horror picture could there be without someone or something being killed? Since the silent days, death has been a necessary cog in the machinery of the horror film, and will continue to be.

#### BURN, BEAST, BURN

One of the most common and over-used method of death in the horror film is



Frankenstein's Inferno: the Frankenstein Monster (Lon Chaney Jr.) meets a fiery end in Universal's *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*. The Monster was only one of many fiends to go up in smoke—and still manage to return for the sequel. Deathmaster Rob Comorosky details more dastardly death scenes below.

death-by-fire. It began during the days of witchcraft and has survived to become a celluloid staple. Vampires, mummies, giant beasts, and even monsters belonging to Doctor Frankenstein have come to a fiery end.

In the original version of *FRANKENSTEIN*, Boris Karloff meets his hellish fate atop a burning windmill, writhing in pain, howling in vain. Still, if fire can kill a monster, big boxoffice can surely bring it back to life. How many times has the Monster survived the flames to appear in yet another film? After blowing himself to smithereens in *BRIDE OF FRANKEN-*

*STEIN*, Karloff returned as the Monster in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Direct fire isn't the cause of the death of Frankenstein's monster, but an abstract form of fire is employed in the conclusion. The late Basil Rathbone swings from a chain and kicks the huge Monster into a boiling, seething, steaming sulphur pit, which naturally proves fatal. Yet he somehow managed to survive to reappear in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, played by Lon Chaney Jr., and pal around with the evil Ygor, beautifully enacted by the great Bela Lugosi.

Hammer has kept up the age-old burning tradition which is evident in such Frankenstein based films as *CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* and later on in *FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED*.

Chris Lee as the Monster gets to die a rather dramatic death in *CURSE*, being set afire, collapsing through a window and tumbling into a vat of acid.

Peter Cushing returned as Dr. Frankenstein in *FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED*, which made an attempt to change some of the plot lines which had long grown stale due to continual repetition. But the entire film is as trite and boring as the lackluster ending which features a sorry excuse of a monster holding Cushing in its grasp as the mansion burns down around them.

The old bandages of centuries-old mummies prove to be quite flammable in a number of cases. But while the mummy Kharis had shoddy bandages, he himself was rather durable. Tom Tyler played Kharis in *THE MUMMY'S HAND* and, after murdering a number of archaeologists, is battered with a blazing brazier which sends him to a blazing death. In 1942, Kharis was fated to return in *THE MUMMY'S TOMB*, this time boasting Lon Chaney Jr. in the role. Upon the

# DEATH IS A WAY OF LIFE!

Part I

by ROB COMOROSKY

The formerly suave and debonair Count Dracula (Chris Lee) disintegrates before your very eyes, another victim of too much fresh air and sunshine, in Hammer's *THE HORROR OF DRACULA*. A stock demise in vampire films, but used here to good and gruesome effect.

How do I kill thee? Let me count the ways. Writer Rob Comorosky does just that in the first installment of *DEATH IS A WAY OF LIFE*, a sinister series devoted to Horrordom's most monstrous and memorable death scenes. Monsters have been both the perpetrators and the victims of some of the world's most violent and bizarre murders, and Rob's research took him down some pretty bloody paths....





conclusion of **THE MUMMY'S TOMB**, Kharis is trapped atop the balcony of a burning home, and in a beautiful moment of might against nature furiously battles the flame. He swings and throws ineffective punches at the tongues of flame and, in the end, is consumed by the relentless force. The use of fire here is dramatically done and extremely effective. One of the more tasteful treatments of fiery deaths.

The most tasteless and ridiculous use of the fiery finale took place in **LADY FRANKENSTEIN**, a fairly recent Italian production. A female ancestor of the infamous Dr. Frankenstein creates a monster and then transplants the brain of her loved but impotent friend into its virile body. The final scenes have the cute

Lon Chaney Sr. was the first **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** to meet his doom 'neath the Paris opera house. Claude Rains and Herbert Lom met similar fates in the 1943 and 1962 remakes of the classic horror opus.

couple making passionate love as the castle burns around them. Besides the discomfort of making love on those cold castle floors, and the heat from the fire, I guess if you must die, that's the way to go.

#### DRACULA DIES AGAIN!

And when it comes to dying in the horror film, who knows more about death than vampires? Of course, fire destroys them, but the fire is far off and is called the sun. Some of the best moments in the vampire flicks have been the final disintegration scenes.

Christopher Lee had the most memorable one in Hammer's **HORROR OF DRACULA**, writhing on the floor of the castle after Van Helsing (Peter Cushing) had ripped the drapes from the massive window, allowing the rays of the sun to enter. As Lee screams the most bestial cries of pain, his body begins to rot away before the eyes of the audience. His foot shrivels and falls off as his hands peel and blister. One hand falls off and the other instinctively reaches for his face to shield it, too late. The skeletal remains themselves decay to dust in one of the most horrifying disintegration scenes I've ever witnessed.

Of course, not all vampire films will go to this length. In the original **DRACULA**, the 1922 German version entitled **NOSFERATU, A SYMPHONY OF TERRORS**, actor Max Schreck merely fades away in death as the sun rises. This was in the early days of filmmaking so one couldn't expect something overly elaborate.

Robert Quarry was **COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE**, and the film's low budget provided the audience with a very humdrum finish. After a well-staged and excitingly filmed battle between Yorga and a good doctor, the Count is stabbed with a wooden object. He falls to the ground and screams in pain, but we don't see him rot away. The camera comes back to a shriveled corpse in the garb of Yorga. Yawn. But as most of you people know,

Yorga rose again to further fill the coffers of AIP.

Hammer has made quite a few Dracula movies over the years, and Chris Lee has been the star of most of them. He has died in a number of different ways in an attempt, again, to create something new and different. In **DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS**, Dracula is running across the moat around the castle, which has frozen. The villagers shoot the ice around him until it cracks, sending Dracula down river. It wasn't exactly an exciting death, but it left the sequel possibilities wide open.

**DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE** was a 1969 Hammer release, and

in it Dracula dies his most garish death to date. During a scuffle he falls over a cliff and right onto an upturned cross which drives right through his back and protrudes from his chest. Screaming in pain, Dracula cries tears of blood through scarlet eyes. He stumbles around with the heavy cross for awhile and then mercifully comes to an end. The tears of blood were extremely effective. It was one of the longer death scenes around, though.

Christopher Lee's most recent Dracula role has been **DRACULA, 1972 AD**, which features a death scene that really strains the imagination. Lee staggers around with three quarters of a wagon wheel (wooden, naturally) impaling him. Now, that is what

I would call a bit much. Ridiculous would be an even better adjective in this case.

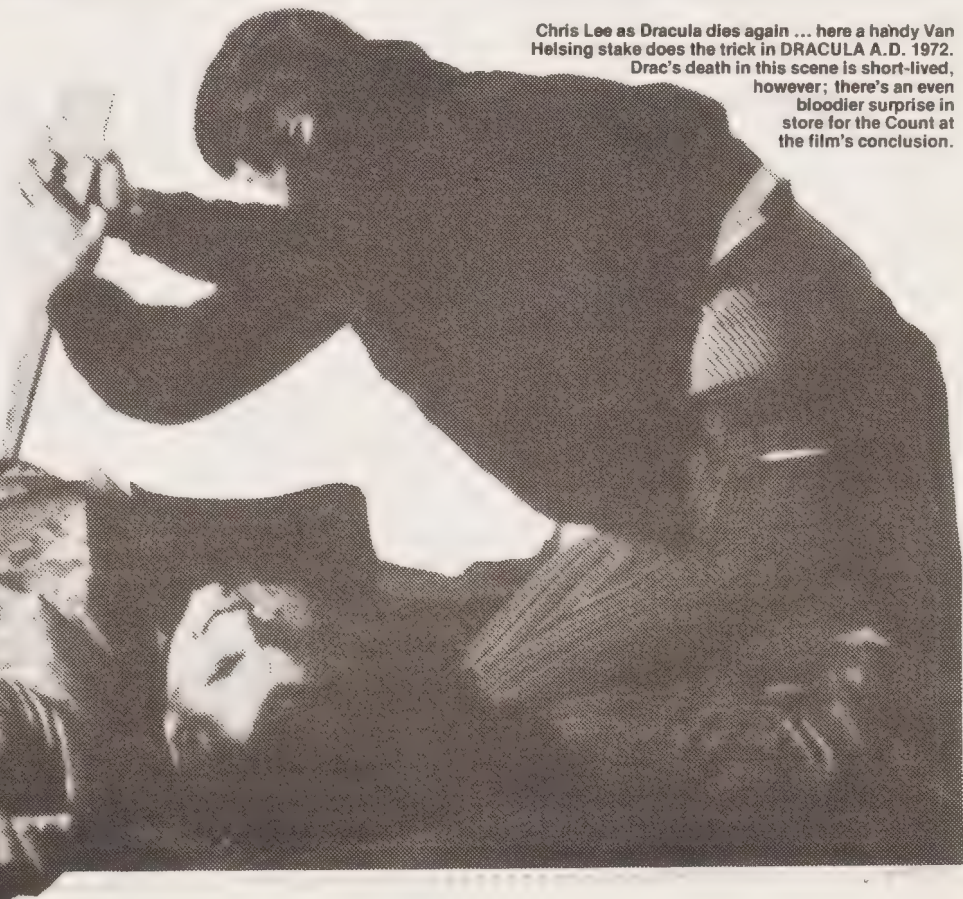
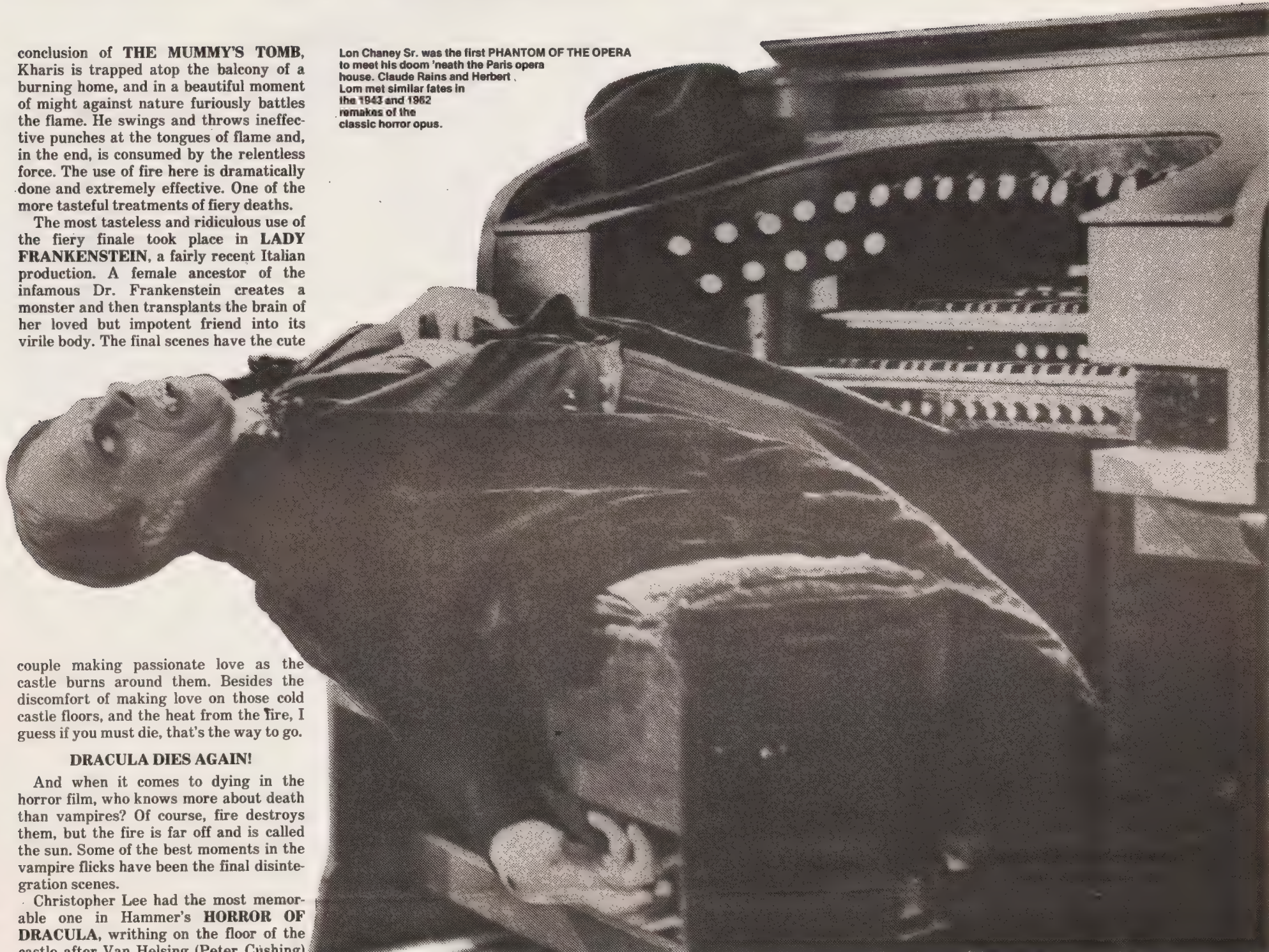
David Peel has died the most innovative and imaginative death to date in a Hammer film called **BRIDES OF DRACULA** (1960). Peel didn't play Dracula, but Count Karnstein, and he terrorizes the locals until Peter Cushing intervenes and the two have a time-worn but nonetheless exciting fight to the finish. Fighting inside a windmill, Cushing is nearly strangled but manages to survive long enough to hurl holy water into the face of Count Karnstein. The water acts as acid and the skin of the vampire's face erodes away. Count Karnstein falls through the windmill window and onto the ground below. Cushing seizes the initiative and leaps from the windmill, breaking his fall by grasping one of the blades on the windmill. When he lands, the shadow of the four blades form a massive cross, killing Count Karnstein. An extremely impressive and well thought-out death which left the viewer satisfied.

#### WAX MURDERS

Wax museums have often been the location for considerable mayhem. From what I've seen, the best film dealing with wax museums has to be **HOUSE OF WAX**, which starred Vincent Price. Price himself has stated that the film was his most frightening.

Wax museums are naturals for horror movies and fire. The lifeless dummies begin to seem alive after a while. And when they burn, the effects are amazing. The wax drips, eyes fall from false sockets and the result is an extremely effective film sequence.

In **HOUSE OF WAX**, Price's partner burns down their wax museum for the insurance money, but Vincent doesn't like it, as he is the sculptor who created all the figures. The edifice burns, and still Price refuses to leave, and becomes horribly



Chris Lee as Dracula dies again ... here a handy Van Helsing stake does the trick in **DRACULA A.D. 1972**. Drac's death in this scene is short-lived, however; there's an even bloodier surprise in store for the Count at the film's conclusion.



disfigured by the flames.

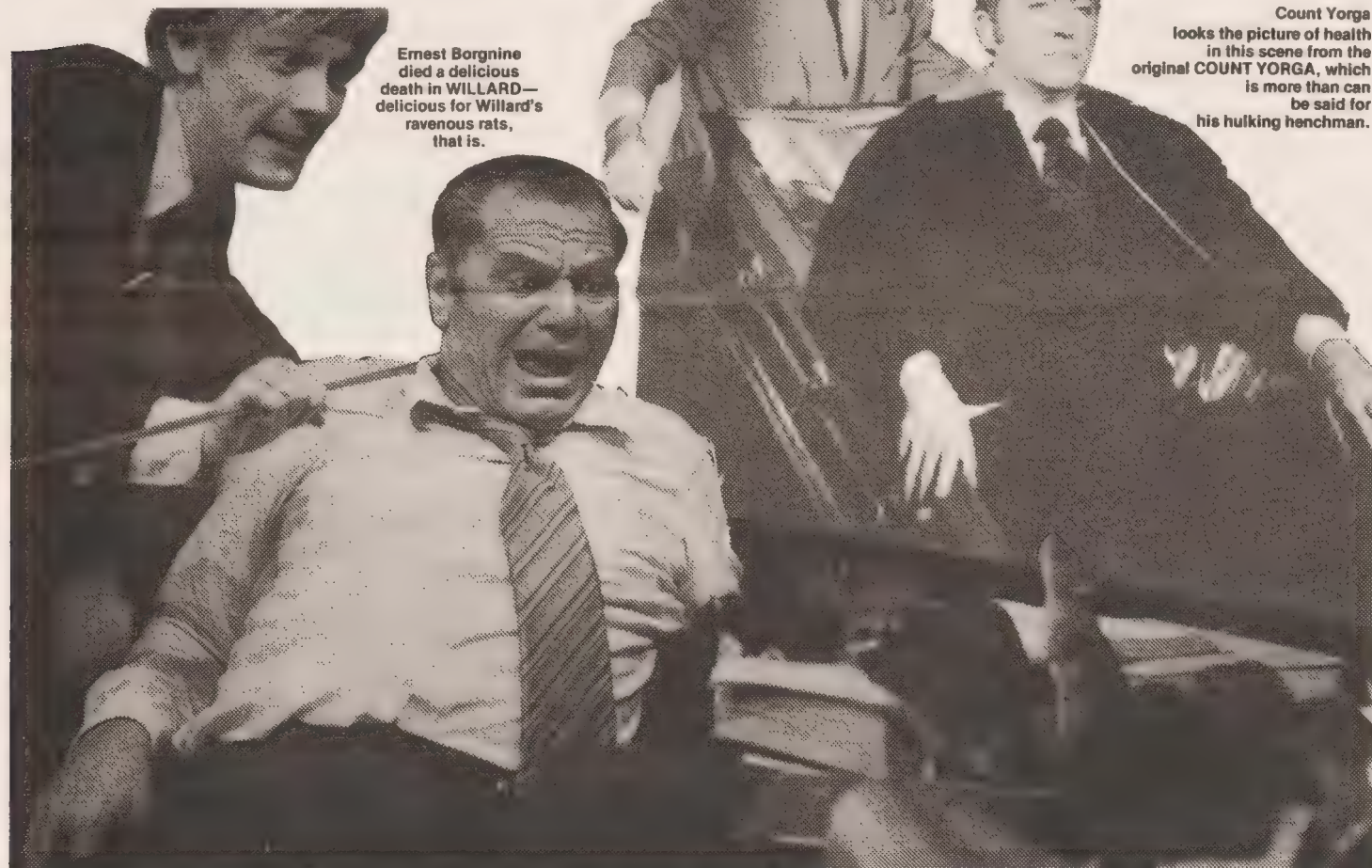
Price goes to work on a new museum, this time murdering people, coating them with wax, and then fashioning wigs for them. But writers like to have ironic endings, and so the film finishes with Vinny falling into a huge vat of bubbling wax.

As there will always be excellent films, the cheapies are also inevitable. Wax museums can make as much money in a shoddy picture as in a well-produced one, right? Wrong. One particularly sleazy example I will speak of starred Cameron Mitchell and was called **NIGHTMARE IN WAX** (1969). In an attempt to find new horizons and cut down on the budget even more, Mitchell merely injects his victims with a solution that stiffens them. Although the idea isn't exactly earth-shaking, it was money-saving; no need for a big laboratory set, with a vat of boiling wax. All they needed was a hypodermic needle and bottle. How cheap can you get? Watch **NIGHTMARE IN WAX** and see for yourself.

Then there was Herman Cohen's **HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM**, and of course, we can't forget that film. But if we can't forget bad memories, at least we don't have to speak of them, so we won't.

#### RATS!

A basic fear of something can also make a good horror picture as well as a lot of good money. Witness, if you will,



Ernest Borgnine died a delicious death in **WILLARD**—delicious for Willard's ravenous rats, that is.

Count Yorga looks the picture of health in this scene from the original **COUNT YORGA**, which is more than can be said for his hulking henchman.

**WILLARD**, one of the big recent box office successes. The paramount reason for its success is that most people find the prospect of being gnawed to death by furry, little, beady-eyed rats terrifying. The plot deals with a neurotic boy named Willard (well played by Bruce Davison) who befriends a rat and soon hundreds of others. The rats become Willard's weapon, under the guidance of fellow rodents he charmingly calls Ben and Socrates.

**WILLARD** is a good film and presents an interesting aspect of death in the horror film. The fear of rats is universal and the staging of the murders was extremely well done. It wasn't taken to the point where you actually see the jaws of the rats shredding somebody's skin, thereby nauseating rather than frightening the viewer. **WILLARD** was handled with the moderation needed and proved to be a good draw.

Then we have **STANLEY**, which proved to be nothing better than a cheaply produced imitation of **WILLARD**, using snakes instead of rats this time around. Stanley is the name of a favorite pet rattler. For the story, follow roughly **WILLARD**'s plot. Of course, there are a few superficial switches; the producers

While his wax creations go up in flames, Vincent Price is saved for a fate worse than death—disfigurement—in **HOUSE OF WAX**, before plunging into a vat of boiling wax at film's end.



attempted to inject some meaning and relevance into **STANLEY** and failed miserably.

Anyway, a boy of Seminole Indian descent has returned from the war disillusioned with man, and so he prefers to live in the swamps among his snakes. Besides providing him companionship, they also help buy him food as he gives them to a research laboratory to extract their venom for use in helpful medicines. On the other side of the swamp we have Mr. Evil and Greedy, who kill the snakes to make money by selling them as belts. So the Indian pulls clever stunts like throwing Stanley and his friends in people's beds and swimming pools. In an ironic (more like moronic) ending, Stanley attacks his human friend who has flipped his proverbial wig, and in a monumental show of bad taste, the Indian slithers out of the door of his burning swamp shack.

The snake killings are decent, but when all you've got going for you is a bunch of snakes and no good actors, writers, producers, directors, or talent in any form, you've got problems. **STANLEY** had problems.

[That's all, folks ... for now. But next time Mr. Comorosky will be back with the second and concluding episode of **Death Is A Way of Life**, with a report on the screen's most bizarre—and notorious—death scenes—Ed.]



Count Yorga (Robert Quarry) meets a more traditional end in **THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA** when a would-be victim stakes him to a free death. Vampires go through more capes that way.



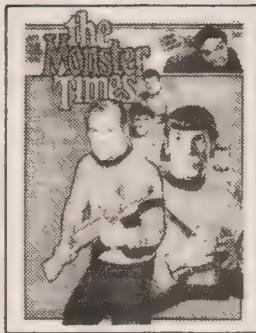
# MONSTER TIMES BACK ISSUES!

Okay, gang, here's your once-in-a-lifetime (well, not exactly, but . . .) chance to pick up some rare and valuable back issues of **THE MONSTER TIMES**, the first newspaper of horror, science fiction and fantasy. We've got issues on everything—just look at

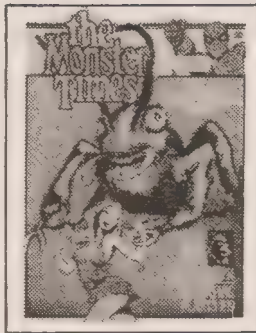
our gallery of gory delights—enough to scare even the most fearless reader. And don't forget, each issue contains a giant color centerfold, suitable for framing or hanging on your crypt wall to cover up the holes or even for wrapping fish.



**TMT 1, COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS, \$2.** Our special premier issue containing part one of "The Men Who Saved Kong," NOSFERATU, DER GOLEM and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Berni Wrightson Frankenstein color poster and Wrightson's NOSFERATU comic strip.



**TMT 2, SPECIAL STAR TREK EDITION, \$2.** Our first all STAR TREK edition, featuring the "Star Trek Saga," interview with William Shatner, profile of Leonard Nimoy and story on Gene Roddenberry. Also Gray Morrow's Star Trek color centerfold, STAR TREK comics and "Space-men of the '50's."



**TMT 3, GIANT BUGS ON THE MUNCH, \$1.** Filmbook of bug classic, THEM, "Bugs in the Comics" by Marv Wolfman, "The Empire of the Ants" by H. G. Wells, a Rich Buckler comic strip and a review of "Stan Lee at Carnegie Hall". Also a giant KONG color poster and part two of "The Men Who Saved Kong."



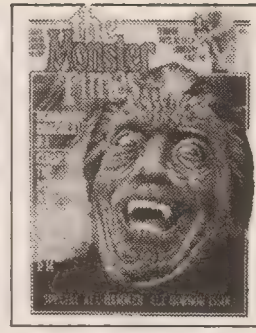
**TMT 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1.** Filmbook of the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, review of THE PULPUS, article on GREEN Lantern/Green Arrow, a two page Jeff Jones comic strip in color, Roger Cornman meets Edgar A. Poe, "Dracula Goes To Court," and the worst films of 1971.



**TMT 5, CREATURE FEATURE, \$1.** Filmbook and giant color poster of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, interview with TAZAN comic's Joe Kubert, Humphrey Bogart's only monster movie, more Jeff Jones comics and an article on ESQUIRE'S hip comic stories. Not to mention "Mushroom Monsters."



**TMT 6, ZOMBIES ON PARADE, \$1.** Features a zombie film survey, "Zombies in the Comics," THE ASTRO ZOMBIES, THE OMEGA MAN, a Dan Green comic strip, review of Berni Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and a zombie color centerfold. You'll never want to see zombies again...ever.



**TMT 8, HAMMER HORRORS, \$2.** Filmbook and color centerfold on Hammer's HORROR OF DRACULA. A "Hammer Horror History," "The Hammer Heritage," the complete Horror checklist, terror toys in London, Hammer's beautiful ladies, reviews of HORRORS, and DRACULA. All Hammer, All Horror!



**TMT 9, SCI-FI SPECIAL, \$5** Our almost sold out first science-fiction issue. Contains a filmbook and color centerfold on THIS ISLAND, EARTH, "Science-Fiction in the Comics," THE SPACE GIANTS, article on Buster Crabbe, and "The Making of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY." Get 'em while they last!



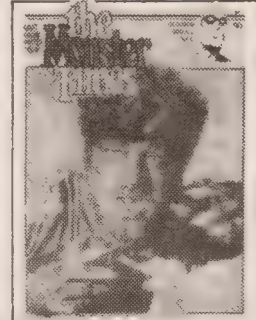
**TMT 11, PLANET OF THE APES, \$1.** Filmbook and centerfold of PLANET OF THE APES, the first apes movie. Also includes CONAN in the comics, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, FRITZ THE CAT, an interview with Dracula, coverage of the Graham Gallery's comic exhibit and Hemisphere's Blood movies.



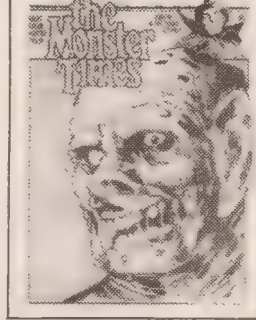
**TMT 12, GORGEOUS GORGE, \$1.** Filmbook and color centerfold on GORGO, review of Steranko's HISTORY OF COMICS, more Blood movies, more Seymour, "Behind the Scenes at the Planet of the Apes," preview of WILLARD, THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME and a special rat comic strip.



**TMT 13, SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN, \$1.** An interview with Spidey's artist and writer, Spider-Man's most monstrous villains, DR. PHIBES, fanzine reviews, still more Blood movies, survey of the comic con phenomenon, still more Seymour and a special Spidey color centerfold by Kane and Ditko.



**TMT 14, WICKED WOLF-MAN, \$1.** Features a filmbook and color centerfold of WOLF-MAN, article on comic's chauvinist pig, THE PHANTOM, GODZILLA, "Behind the Scenes at SILENT RUNNING," review of SCIENCE FICTION FILM, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Cushing.



**TMT 15, VALLEY OF GWANGI, \$1.** Filmbook and centerfold on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, an interview with Alfred Hitchcock, "Vampires in the Comics," preview of BLACKULA, THE PLANT MONSTERS, review of HPL magazine, Godzilla's own column, some real monsters and CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS.



**TMT 16, GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT!, \$1.** Our spectacular issue breaking the story that Godzilla is running for president, with a color centerfold to match. Also included are articles on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, COUNT YORGA and still more PLANT MONSTERS. An interview with Vincent Price, and "Comics Go to College."



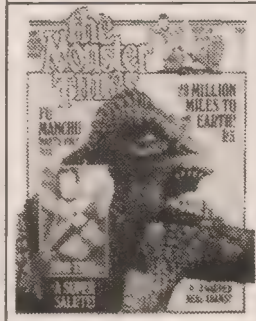
**TMT 17, SUPER SCIENCE FICTION, \$1.** Filmbook and color centerfold of FORBIDDEN PLANET, review of FLASH GORDON HERITAGE, THE MYSTERIANS, behind the scenes at the latest apes movie, SF TV GUIDE, preview of ASYLUM, interview with Rod Serling and review of the s-f WORLD-CON.



**TMT 18, PIEDRAS BLANCAS MONSTER, \$1.** Filmbook and color centerfold on the classic (?) MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS, Willis O'Brien's missing monsters, preview of DRACULA A.D. 1972, "When Monsters Ruled the Comics," Perry Rhodan of Germany, First Annual Monster Poll and King Kong comics.



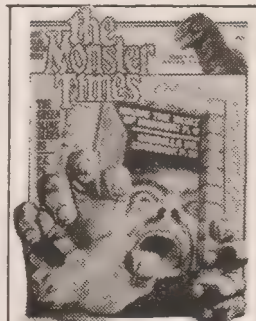
**TMT 19, TERRIFYING TARANTULA, \$1.** Filmbook and color centerfold on TARANTULA, articles on Dr. Death and Dr. Shock, the return of E.C. comics, "Hercules in the Comics," Late Film round-up, review of some recent monster movie campaigns, and some really repulsive comics.



**TMT 20, STILL MORE S-F AND STAR TREK, \$1.** Our third s-f issue contains a 12-page STAR TREK pull-out, which includes our all-ready classic "Keep On Trekkin'" poster, STAR TREK filmography, STAR TREK Yellow Pages, review of the STAR TREK books and Mr. Spock model. Also FU MANCHU.



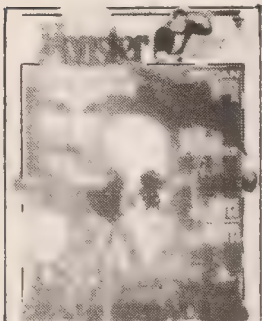
**TMT 21, THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN, \$1.** Filmbook on 1931's FRANKENSTEIN, a complete FRANKENSTEIN filmography, the real Castle Frankenstein, "The Decline of Frankenstein," interview with Glen (Frankenstein) Strange, "Frankenstein in the Comics," and a color centerfold with all the FRANKENSTEINS of the movies.



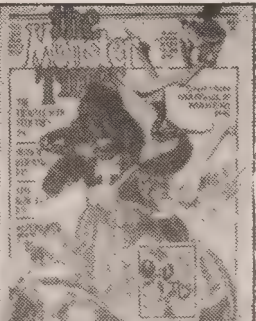
**TMT 22, GREEN SLIME BLUES, \$1.** Filmbook on GREEN SLIME, preview on THE VAULT OF HORROR, Godzilla vs. Ghidrah, GENESIS II, article on New York's CREEP, results of the Monster Poll, review of the KLINE PORTFOLIO, and a trip to the Amicus studios. Also, TMT's exclusive Mt. MONSTERMORE. Seeing is believing!



**TMT 23, GADZOOKS, GODZILLA, \$1.** A special 40 page magazine issue of TMT devoted to GODZILLA and his friends. Including a GODZILLA filmbook, four color GODZILLA posters, the friends of GODZILLA, Tom Sutton's super comic strip RAT! and more on the Greatest Beast in the World, Godzilla.



**TMT 24, REGAL RODAN (\$1)** Filmbook on RODAN with a free color centerfold of same. Also Basil Wolverton comics' THEATRE OF BLOOD, Review of HIS STORY OF COMICS vol. 2, the Last of The Planet of The Apes and much more in our special BILL OF RIGHTS issue.



**TMT 25, THE FANTASTIC FLY, \$1.00.** Leading off with a double filmbook on THE FLY and THE RETURN OF THE FLY and a Fly centerfold. Also articles about CAPT. MARVEL's creator, C.C. Beck and BROOM-HILDA's Russell Myers. Also, Ladies and their monsters and WERE-WOLVES ON WHEELS. A fantastic mixed bag issue.



**TMT TV SCI-FI SPECIAL SALUTE, \$1.** Our special 40 page magazine devoted to STAR TREK and the best TV SF. Six color STAR TREK posters, the 1972 STAR TREK Con, THE OUTER LIMITS, LOST IN SPACE, U.F.O., STAR TREK quiz, THE SPACE GIANTS, and four stories on the STAR TREK cast of characters.



**TMT #26 DESTROY ALL MONSTERS! \$1.** Our fabulous DESTROY ALL MONSTERS issue, featuring filmbook and centerfold. Also included are exclusive shots on the STAR TREK cartoon, articles on Superman's Metropolis Museum; Wax Museum, New York Comicon, hot stills, horror in the media and Rondo Hatton.



**THE MONSTER TIMES #27, VAMPIRES' PARADE, \$1.** Our special all-vampire issue, featuring Forgotten Vampire Classics of the Screen, an article on The Decline and Fall of Bela Lugosi, a Neal Adams vampire centerfold, review of DREAM OF DRACULA and the long-awaited Jess Franco COUNT DRACULA. Also Esteban Maroto article.

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Karkov (Steven Marlo) is a sinister presence who may or may not be the cause of the TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM. The BCP production is the first wax museum movie to appear in almost four (count 'em, four) years.

In 1933, Lionel Atwill presided over the wax museum in MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM. Twenty years later, Vincent Price took the helm in the 3-D remake HOUSE OF WAX, before yielding to Cameron Mitchell, who became the resident madman in a 1969 quickie, NIGHTMARE IN WAX. Now, in 1973, Ray Milland ascends to the waxen throne in BCP's TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM, an all-star horror show previewed here by TMT Media Editor, R. Allen Leider...

Karkov dips into the wax cauldron as John Carradine as museum owner Dupree supervises in this stirring moment from TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM

# TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM

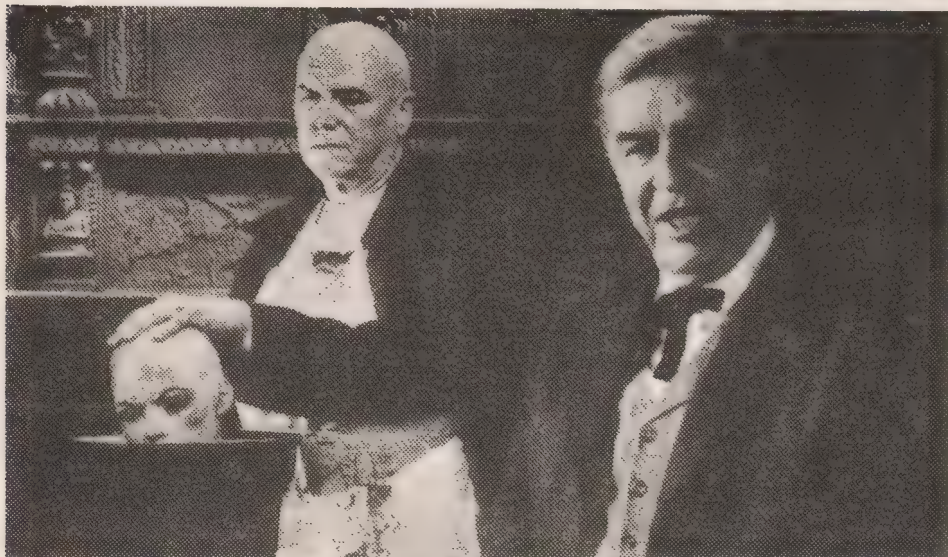
Ray Milland rides again, this time as the proprietor of a Wax Museum where the figures murder the living ... or do they? That is the mystery and the TERROR OF THE WAX MUSEUM.

The suspects include the greatest names in horror and crime: Dillinger, Jack the Ripper, Lizzie Borden, Attila the Hun, Blue Beard and Lucretia Borgia. All wax, of course, but very active, decidedly dangerous, and quite bloodthirsty.

It all starts when Claude Dupree (John Carradine) is carved up by Jack the Ripper (we think) after refusing to sell his museum to Amos Burns (Broderick Crawford), but that's just the start. Shortly after the takeover of the museum by Burns, violent arguments begin between

museum by Meg (Nicole Shelby) propped up in a chair with a nice big sword stuck clean through him ... and the chair. Whodunit? Well, the sword belongs to Ivan the Terrible, or at least to his waxen image, so maybe hedunit. Of course, it wouldn't be nice to just have two mysterious killings, and so more follow with the police hot in pursuit. Inspector Daniels (Maurice Evans) is in charge of the case and he, Sgt. Hawkes (Mark Edwards), and a few constables proceed to fathom the depths of the terror that stalks the old museum.

Also on hand to share the thrill of it all are Louis Hayward (remember him from SON OF DR. JEKYLL and the stage DRACULA?) and Elsa (BRIDE OF

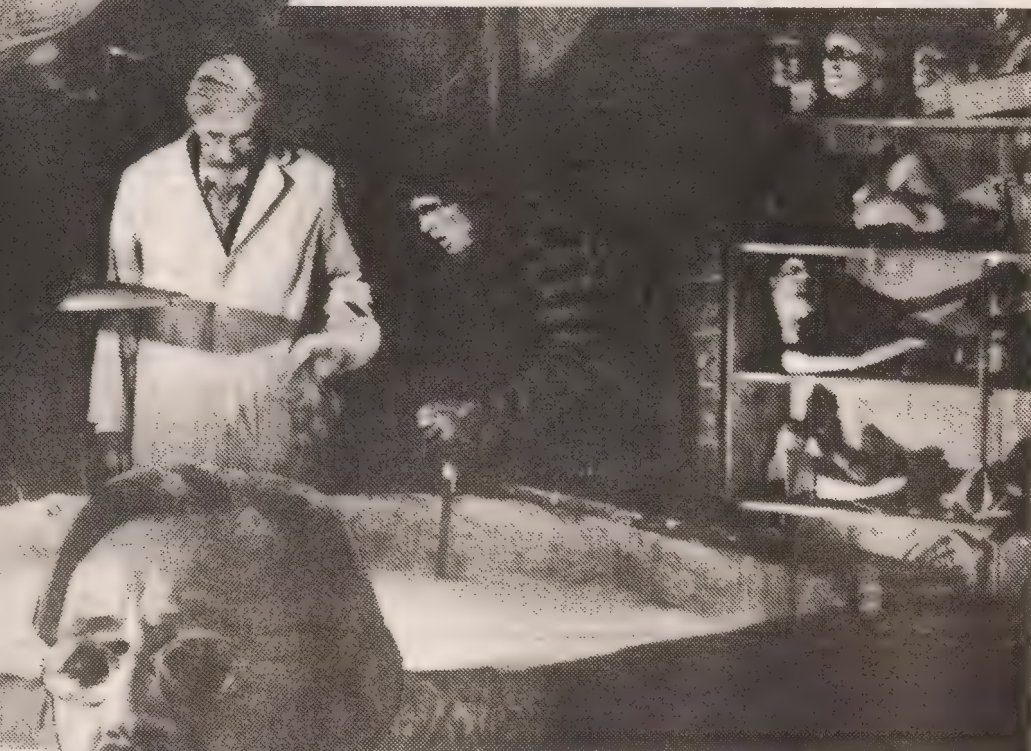


Ray Milland, late of THE THING WITH TWO HEADS, strikes cheerful pose as demented minion works on what we trust is a wax head. TERROR boasts a cast comprised of many old TMT film favorites.

Burns and the staff of the place. Harry Flexner (Ray Milland), the mannequin maker, dislikes the way Burns is running (or ruining) the museum. Karkov, the deformed ex-assistant of Dupree, is less than happy with his new boss. So it isn't long before Burns is discovered in his wax

FRANKENSTEIN) Lanchester.

Whodunit? You'll have to figure that out for yourselves. Karkov (Steven Marlo) is the most likely suspect, with his face looking like salt water taffy fresh from the candy factory. But there are even stranger forces working in Dupree's



TERROR marks Long John Carradine's 415th film appearance. But only his 28th in a horror film, he is quick to point out. It looks like a step up from the ASTRO ZOMBIES at least.

Horror Palace, and we wouldn't want to spoil a single chill for you.

The film, as well as being a good thriller, has some interesting sidelights. For one thing it is John Carradine's 415th film. That's a lot of celluloid. TMT wanted to know something more about the career of this ageless horror star, so we asked the man himself.

"Actually, this is only my 28th horror picture," John told us. "That leaves over 375 legit pictures to my credit. Every time I get publicity in a new film people expect me to lurk about while ghouls gambol and blood flows and spurts about. But I love this work so I shelved the idea of retiring. Recently there was a film festival of all my 28 horror films in San Francisco, and I hosted the opening. It was quite a spectacle."

Carradine started his career on the stage as one of Broadway's finest Shakespearean actors, and when films became big and had big money attached to them, he decided to give it a try. "Big money to an actor in those days was \$25 a day and all the food you could eat at the banquet scene," he recalls. "That was in 1920. Later, things got better. I did a Roy Rogers western and was billed BELOW Roy's horse, Trigger!"

And how did he get into horror films?

"My first was BLACK CAT with Lugosi and Karloff. I had a bit part, but I didn't mind. It was considered beneath a good actor's dignity in those days to take 'filthy film money,' but it paid the bills." Soon better "billing" of a different sort came and John went on to make the classics GRAPES OF WRATH with Henry Fonda and BLOOD AND SAND with Tyrone Power. He was also in John Ford's western classic STAGECOACH.

He has, as every TMT fan must know, a number of sons who, like the Barrymores, have established a Carradine tradition in the acting field. His son David has his own TV show KUNG FU (see TMT #25) and sons Keith Carradine (EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE) and Robert keep very active in TV and films.

Ray Milland is back too, having survived FROGS (ugh) and other horrors of other sorts. He turns in a fine performance as Flexner, the guide and mannequin maker who figures prominently in the murder-ridden house of horrors. Those who keep their eyes opened will also be treated to a view of British entertainer Shani Wallis (Nancy in OLIVER) as a dance hall girl and friend of the museum's staff.

The film was put together by producer and director Andrew Fenady, who has a long list of credits that include CHISUM, STAKEOUT ON DOPE STREET, and episodes for just about every TV series going and gone. It is his first venture into the horror field and he shows a quick eye and steady handling of the medium. At a time when entertaining horror films are as rare as truth in Washington, TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM is welcome relief ... not great, but welcome.

TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM (1973). A BCP Production distributed by Cinerama Releasing. Produced by Andrew J. Fenady. Directed by Georg Fenady. Starring Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford, John Carradine, Shani Wallis, Elsa Lanchester, Maurice Evans, Steven Marlo, Mark Edwards, Louis Hayward, Nicole Shelby.



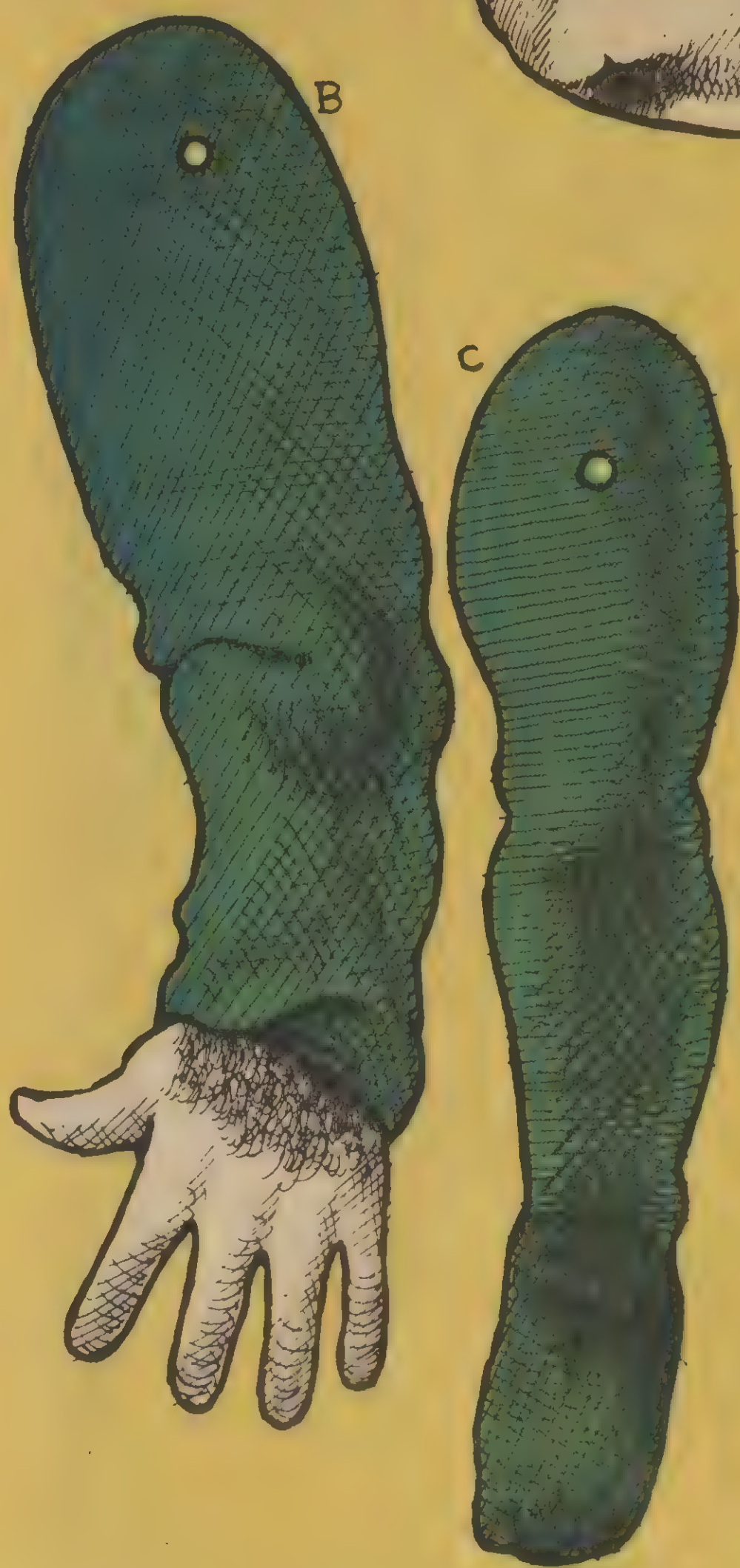
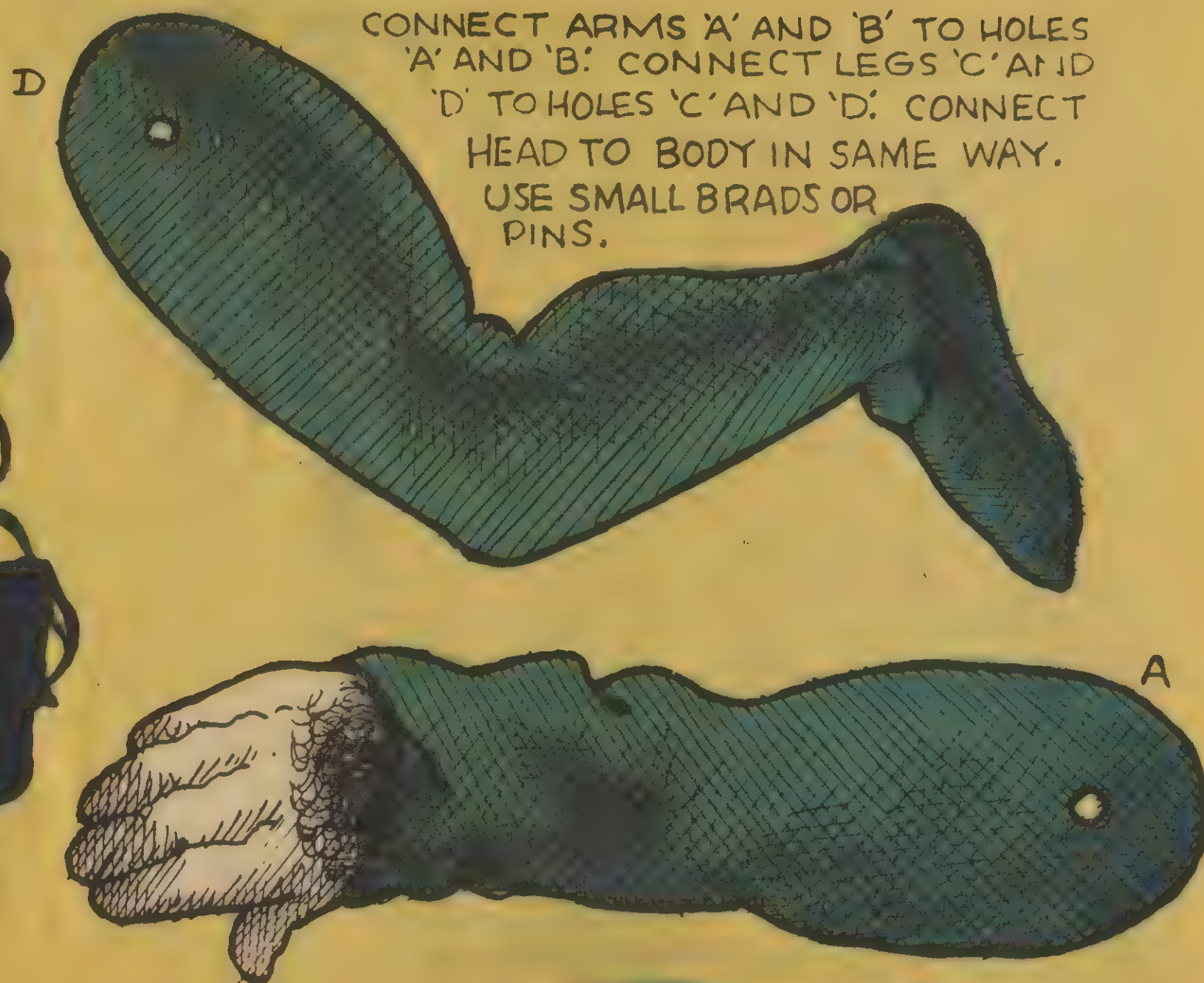
# LON CHANEY

## Puppet

CREATED BY  
BILL NELSON



CONNECT ARMS 'A' AND 'B' TO HOLES 'A' AND 'B'. CONNECT LEGS 'C' AND 'D' TO HOLES 'C' AND 'D'. CONNECT HEAD TO BODY IN SAME WAY. USE SMALL BRADS OR PINS.



## THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME



This beautifully rendered puppet of LON CHANEY as THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME is the handiwork of Bill Nelson, this issue's featured artist.

To mount this puppet, simply paste the centerfold on cardboard, cut out along the indicated lines and pin together. A finished

version of the puppet, as constructed by the deft TMT staff, shows how the puppet will look.

The puppet is one of 18 fine Lon Chaney illustrations drawn by Bill for his LON CHANEY PORTFOLIO. The folio includes illustrations of Chaney in PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, LONDON AFTER MID-

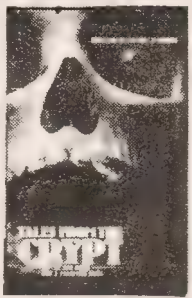


NIGHT, THE PENALTY and many more.

There are also several other puppets included in the portfolio. Each is printed on heavy 8½" by 11" stock, available from Bill Nelson, 10104 Purcell Road, Richmond, Virginia 23228. The price is \$8.00 plus 80¢ postage.



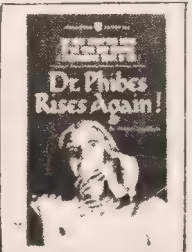
# MOVIE MONSTERS



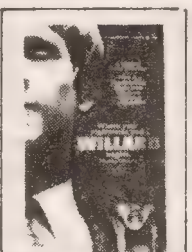
TALES FROM THE CRYPT...adaptation of the movies by Jack Oleck. \$1.00 plus 25c



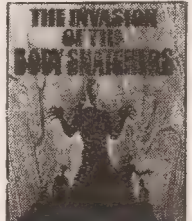
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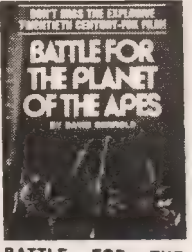
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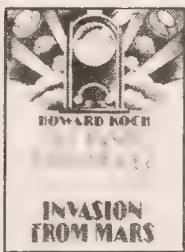
FANTASY CLASSICS #1...Arthur Machen's 'The Terror' in a new softbound edition with John Pound and Robert Kline illustrations. Collector's edition. Only \$2.00 plus 25c.

# MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF

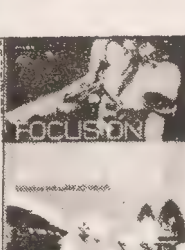
THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF is the only place where you can pick up all your favorite items in the horror, fantasy and comic

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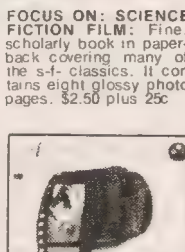
## SCIENCE FICTION



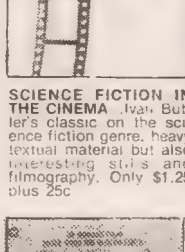
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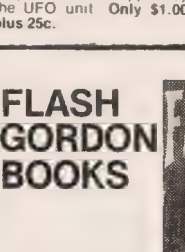
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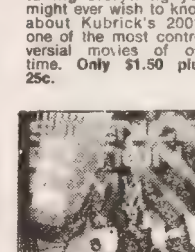
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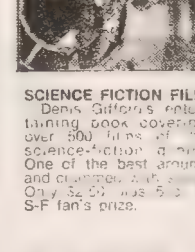
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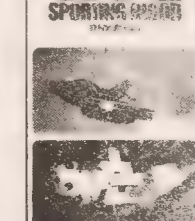
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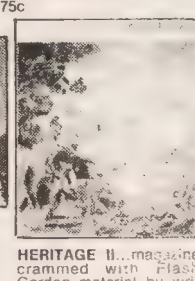
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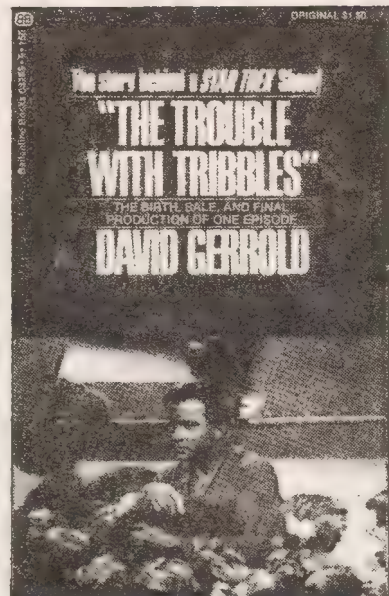


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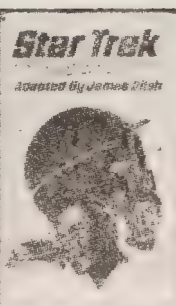


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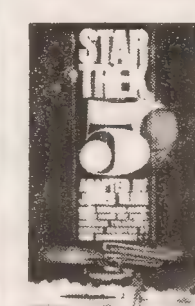
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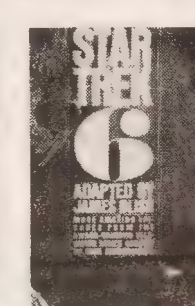
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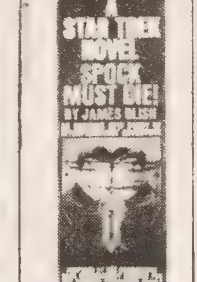
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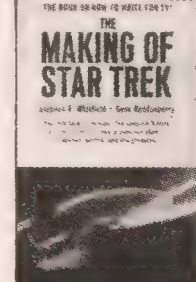
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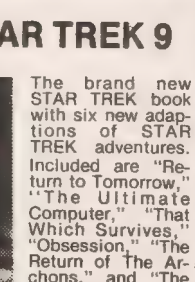
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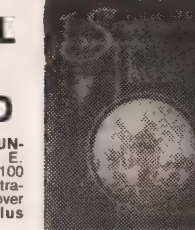
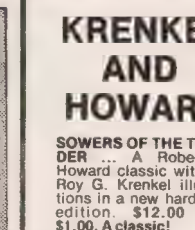
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"...that tetrahedon nose, of that horseshoe mouth, of that little left eye, stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles while the right was completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen; of those irregular teeth, jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress; of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth protruded, like the tusk of an elephant; of that forked chin; and above all of the expression, that mixture of spite, wonder, and melancholy..."

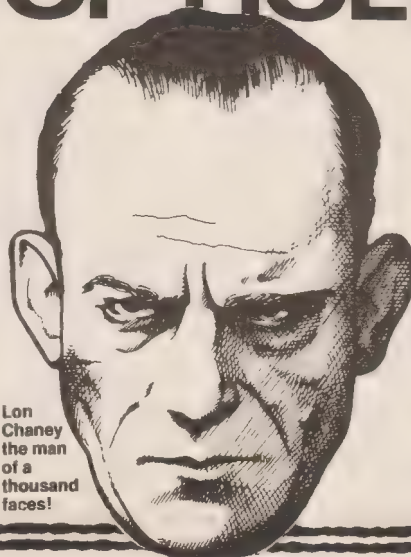
Victor Hugo  
THE HUNCHBACK OF  
NOTRE DAME

## LON CHANEY: THE HUNCHBACK OF HOLLYWOOD

If the late Boris Karloff was the King of Horror, then Lon Chaney must rank as a full-fledged deity. While most of his films are not easily seen today, Chaney was the pioneer of motion picture terror. A talented actor and peerless make-up artist, Chaney lent his life to creating and portraying such immortal monsters as *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, and dozens of other bizarre characters. Artist and Chaney freak Bill Nelson pays tribute to Lon's

greatest role, *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*, herewith.

Lon Chaney was a particular kind of actor, the likes of which we will never see again. He put his all into his films in order to give movie audiences of the 20's the most realistic performances he could possibly muster. And he mustered a bundle of them. So many, in fact, that the studio tagged him *THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES*, and pretty soon everyone was calling him that. Everyone, that is, who had seen him walk and jump on leather stumps, his legs strapped




Lon Chaney  
the man  
of a  
thousand  
faces!

tightly to his backside, in *The Penalty*; who had seen him eat a meal with his feet and then lick his toes as the armless man from *The Unknown*; who had seen him as a paralyzed man in a wheelchair from *West of Zanzibar*; as a one-eyed man in *The Road to Mandalay*; as a scarred lion hunter in *Where East is East*; as a blind man (his eyes 'simply' rolled back in his head) in *Treasure Island*; as the horribly burnt death's head of Erik in *The Phantom of the Opera* and as many, many more of his startling creations.

But the most startling, the most taxing, and perhaps the most famous role that





The visage of the Hunchback, the accursed Quasimodo, had to express more than mere horror. It had to register fear, pathos, bewilderment, and tenderness... and inspire in the viewer feelings of pity as well as revulsion. Lon Chaney was considered the only actor capable of expressing these many—and conflicting—emotions.

All the original artwork on view here is the horrific handiwork of artist and Chaney scholar Bill Nelson, a frequent—and always welcome—TMT contributor. A busy commercial artist who hails from Virginia, Bill has chipped in with weird works like the Chris Lee cover for our all-Hammer issue (#8) and the Mount Monsternore centerfold for TMT #22. Bill's eerie illustrations have also graced a wide number of fanzines.

Lon Chaney every portrayed was Quasimodo, **The Hunchback of Notre Dame**. To this day, his stands supreme over the other portrayals of the bellringer of Notre Dame. They seem pale next to the Quasimodo of 1923: the Quasimodo of Lon Chaney.

This role cost Lon Chaney a big chunk of his life. But I imagine he knew it, and it probably didn't trouble him at all. Some people seem to foresee their fate early in life and adjust to it magnificently. Lon Chaney gave his life up for his audiences, long before his death.

#### MASTERFUL MAKE-UP

There are many stories circulating around about the make-up he used in **The Hunchback of Notre Dame**, and so much time has passed that I suppose we will

never know for sure. But, in my opinion, this is how it was done: it took him four and one half hours to become Quasimodo. To start, he molded cheeks and nose out of face putty and affixed them to his skin. Cotton was inserted in his lower jaw (similar to Marlon Brando's make-up in **The Godfather**) forcing them to protrude. A set of false teeth was then inserted over his own. A half of a hard-boiled egg was then glued to his tightly closed right eye. Then hair by hair he built, yes built, those unforgettable eyebrows. The eyebrows that menaced, and saddened, and smiled and cried.

Over all of this he applied grease-paint to blend everything into a unified image of pity and horror. And then that fiery red mass of tangles that you might venture to call a wig was carefully stretched over his

head. Now the face was complete. But there he was with the face of Quasimodo and the body of Lon Chaney. Never fear, for here is where he became, in all truth, a hunchback. The leather harness he designed himself—shoulder pads, similar to what football players wear, fitted tightly over his shoulders and neck. And a heavy leather breastplate connected to the shoulder pads and to another plate on his back. Straps tightened on his sides and through his legs from front to back to bend Lon Chaney down.

It is said that after this was in place he could not stand up straight even if he wanted to. But this wasn't all. Next came the hump. I have heard three variations on this one—believe the one you want: one, the hump weighed 70 lbs. and was made of leather; two, the hump weighed

70 lbs. and was made of rubber; and three, the hump weighed 70 lbs. and was made of plaster. Everyone seems to think it weighed 70 lbs. Anyway, I don't. I tend to believe the hump was fashioned of leather, but I don't think it was over ten or twelve pounds. In my opinion, there doesn't seem to be a need for this much weight. After all, he couldn't straighten up anyway. This will probably always remain a controversy, however.

To continue, over this harness and hump went a suit of rubber that fitted tightly. Hair was glued to the suit and Quasimodo was born!

Lon Chaney was supposed to wear this portable torture chamber for no more than twenty minutes at a time. But, as I have already stated, he was a particular type of actor. He would simply keep on going.



# The Man Of A Thousand Faces' GREATEST Face Of All!



Quasimodo, cruelly chained to the whipping wheel, is offered succor by the empathetic Esmeralda (Patsy Ruth Miller). During the actual whipping scene, Lon told the actor doing the flogging not to go easy on him, but to make the scene seem as authentic as possible by lashing him mightily.

More than once, it is said, he fainted from the heat and the pain while on camera, and had to be carried off. Someone once told him that he was trying too hard. His reply, though not a direct quote, was something like this: "You're wrong. This is truth, not simply acting. I'm not portraying a hunchback with a bundle of straw on my back, I am a hunchback! I know how it feels. I've only got one eye with this make-up to show them the torment of that poor deformed soul and body. Well, that eye will show it because I will feel it."

## HUGO VS. CHANEY

Was Chaney's make-up overdone? Was it too extreme in its grotesqueness? Some people thought so. But, in the book by

The hunchbacked bellringer as interpreted by Bill Nelson via his "Lon Chaney Puppet."



Victor Hugo, the man who created Quasimodo out of his own vivid imagination, comes this detailed description of Quasimodo's head and face. Judge for yourself. Did Lon Chaney overdo it? I don't think so:

"...We shall not attempt to give the reader any idea of that tetrahedron nose, of that horseshoe mouth, of that little left eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrot bristles, while the right was completely overwhelmed and buried by an enormous wen, of those irregular teeth jagged here and there like the battlements of a fortress; of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth protruded, like the tusk of an elephant; of that forked chin; and above all, of the expression, that mixture of spite, wonder and melancholy, spread over these exquisite features."

How about the body of Lon Chaney? Did he twist himself just enough, or did he overdo this? Again, we turn to Victor Hugo for the answer:

"...indeed, it might be said that his whole person was but one grimace. His prodigious head was covered with red bristles; between his shoulders rose an enormous hump, which was counterbalanced by a protuberance in front; his thighs and legs were so strangely put together that they touched at no one point but the knees, and seen in front, resembled two sickles joined at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but, with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, constituting a singular exception to the eternal rule which ordains that force, as well as beauty, shall result from harmony."

Now, I'd like to clear up another discrepancy. The only time in the entire filming of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* that Lon Chaney used a stunt man was in the scene where he spied Esmeralda far below on the steps of the cathedral and slid down a rope to rescue her. This scene was handed over to a Hollywood stunt man named Joe Bonomo. It was too dangerous and the studio wouldn't allow Chaney to do it. One man had already sustained serious injuries when his gloves burned through and he fell to the pavement far below.

Every other scene in the film was done by Lon Chaney. The most dynamic of these occurs in the beginning of the film when Quasimodo climbs down the entire

length of the Notre Dame cathedral, pausing to make faces at the crowd as he descends. A truly amazing piece of film footage. By itself, worth the price of admission to the movie houses of 1923. Have you seen the film? If you haven't, you should make an all-out effort to do so.

## PRODUCTION NUMBERS

It was a super-jewel production. It took one year to make. Six months prior to that were spent in preparation. The total cost was \$1,250,000—considered at the time to be the most expensive picture ever made. The average working day for the two hundred technical and executive directors was fourteen hours. The total personnel numbered over four thousand.

The cathedral was an exact replica in every detail of the actual cathedral as it looked in 1482—an amazing movie set, considered so even today.

The set was insured by Lloyd's of London for half a million dollars.

The dimensions were 225 feet high and 150 feet wide. The total area used for construction was 6,000 square feet.

More than 5,000 costumes were specially made. A building 125 feet long with 18 windows was designed to store the costumes.

In addition to the cathedral, other historical sets were built. An exact reproduction of the Court of Miracles, Place du Parvis, Palais du Justice, interior of the Bastille, seven noble mansions, 35 statues, and eight unnamed streets, each 200 feet long.

1,850 extras were checked in, dressed and make up, and on the set in 31 minutes. The same number were served box lunches and hot coffee in eight minutes.

The cobblestones used in the street scenes of this production were hauled 38 miles by truck and placed by hand.

The immense crowds were directed by means of a radio amplification device which permitted unit control by the director, for the first time in motion picture production.

Every foot of the film was made at Universal City, California.

It marked a new epoch in the history of the motion picture. A new milestone of progress in the development of cinematic art. And from this film Lon Chaney began his upward climb to his place among the stars!

Amazing, Fascinating,  
Breathless Drama, Romance  
You'll Love—  
THAT'S

**Lon Chaney**  
IN HIS MOST SURPRISING ROLE  
**THE UNKNOWN**  
A Drama of the Circus

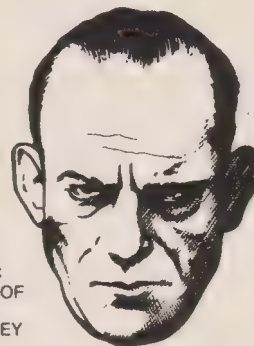


with  
JOAN CRAWFORD  
NORMAN KERRY

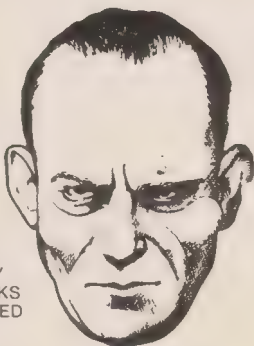
Note: TMT readers who want to learn more about Lon should check out Robert G. Anderson's *FACES, FORMS, FILMS, THE ARTISTRY OF LON CHANEY*. Published in 1971 by A.S. Barnes and Co., the book traces the great Lon Chaney's career in films, and provides further info on his masterful make-up techniques. The book lists for \$8.50, but included are over 150 stills, plus interesting professional and biographical facts about the screen's monster pioneer that you won't get nowhere else.

## Lon Chaney BECOMES THE HUNCHBACK

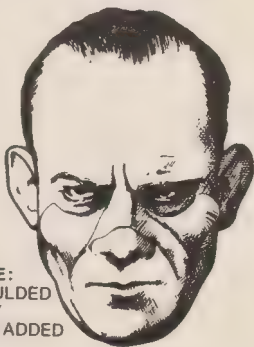
ONE:  
THE  
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LON  
CHANEY



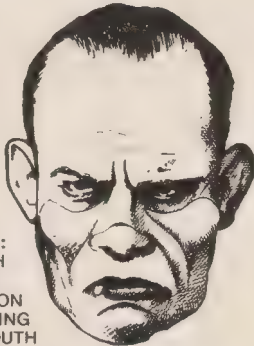
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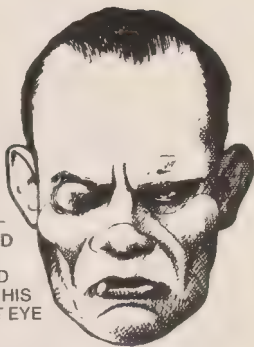
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SIX:  
EYE  
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ADDED



SEVEN:  
QUASIMODO!



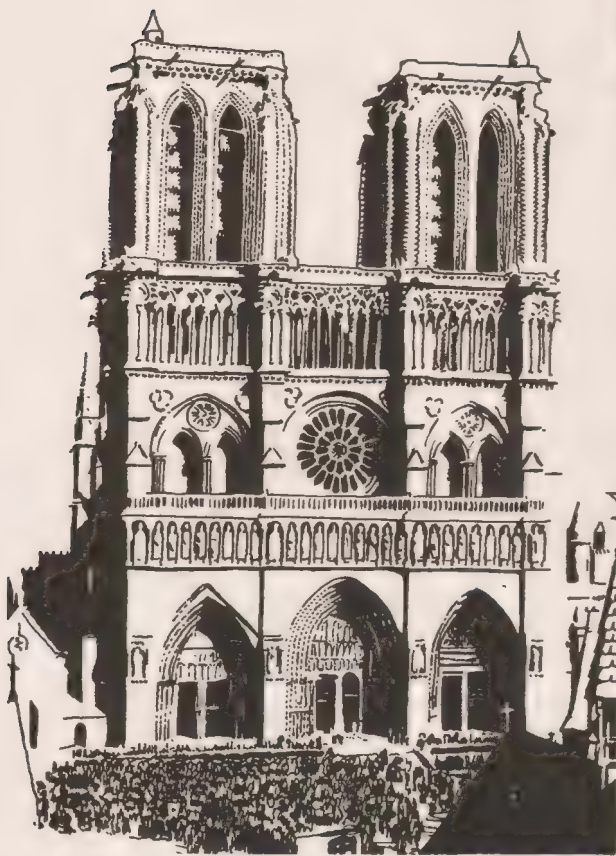


# "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

DRAWN BY  
BILL NELSON



THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS—JANUARY 8, 1482. ALL OF PARIS TURNS OUT TO CELEBRATE. THE RICH AND THE POOR WANDER THROUGH THE STREETS, DRINKING, SINGING AND DANCING. THE FESTIVAL LASTS LATE INTO THE NIGHT WITH FIREWORKS DISPLAYS CROWNING THE FESTIVITIES. THE GAIETY IS HEIGHTENED BY THE PEALING OF THE GRAND BELLS IN THE NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. THE BELLS ARE THE ONLY SOUND LOUD ENOUGH TO REACH THE DEAF EARS OF THE PATHETIC BELL-RINGER, QUASIMODO, WHO HAS BECOME KNOWN AS "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME."

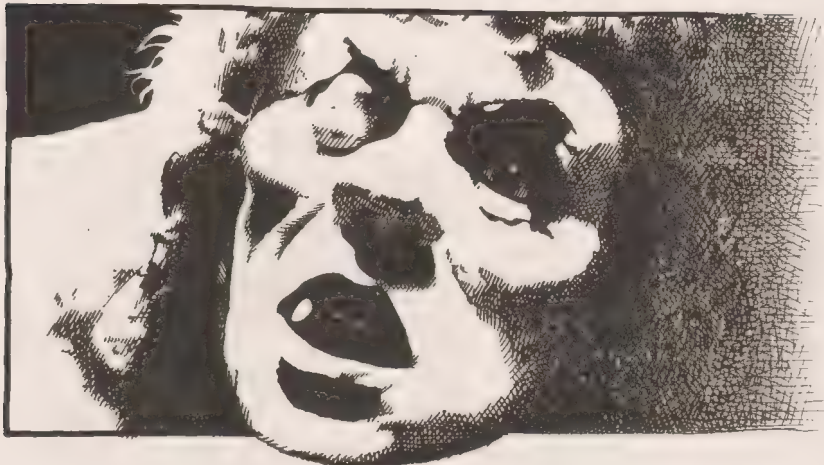


QUASIMODO WATCHES THE FESTIVITIES FROM A LOFTY PERCH HIGH IN HIS BELOVED CATHEDRAL. THE CROWD CATCHES SIGHT OF HIM AND BEGINS TO TEASE AND RIDICULE HIM...



AND IN HIS MAGNIFICENT GROTESQUENESS HE DANCES ON THE LEDGE TO RETURN THEIR RIDICULE, HIS TONGUE DARTING IN AND OUT IN GRAND STYLE.

IT IS THE CUSTOM EACH YEAR AT THIS TIME TO SELECT A POPE OF FOOLS. ON THIS PARTICULAR EVENING THE CROWD ROARED AT THE SIGHT OF THEIR POPE, THEIR POPE OF FOOLS ... QUASIMODO, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME!

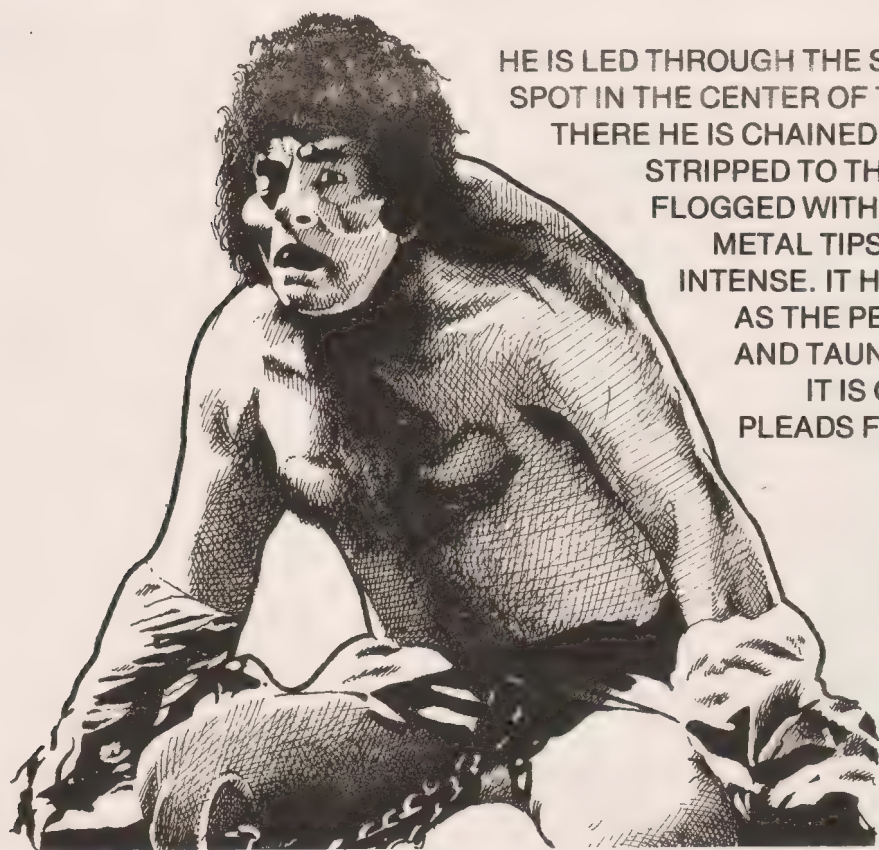


QUASIMODO IS FORCED BY HIS MASTER, THE EVIL JEHAN TO KIDNAP A BEAUTIFUL GYPSY GIRL NAMED ESMERALDA BECAUSE JEHAN WANTS HER. ALTHOUGH RELUCTANT, QUASIMODO BLINDLY OBEYS AND IS ARRESTED WHILE JEHAN SLIPS AWAY UNNOTICED ... QUASIMODO WON'T FORGET!



HIS TRIAL IS SWIFT AND, THEN ...





HE IS LED THROUGH THE STREETS TO A SPOT IN THE CENTER OF THE SQUARE. THERE HE IS CHAINED TO A WHEEL, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST AND FLOGGED WITH A WHIP WITH METAL TIPS! THE PAIN IS INTENSE. IT HURTS WORSE AS THE PEOPLE LAUGH AND TAUNT ... FINALLY IT IS OVER AND HE PLEADS FOR WATER ...

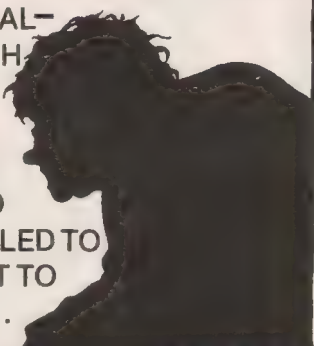


TO HIS SURPRISE ESMERALDA, HIS INTENDED KIDNAP VICTIM, SHOWS PITY ON HIM AND OFFERS HIM WATER; SOMEONE CARES! QUASIMODO WON'T FORGET HER KINDNESS.



TIME PASSES AND THE WOUNDS IN HIS POOR BACK HEAL, BUT THE WOUND DEALT TO HIM BY JEHAN FESTERS IN HIS MIND. ALSO IN HIS MIND IS THE CONSTANT MEMORY OF ESMERALDA'S KINDNESS TO HIM. THIS KINDNESS SEES HIM THROUGH EACH DAY AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS WORK IN THE CATHEDRAL. HE WANTS TO REPAY HER KINDNESS AND SEARCHES HIS MIND FOR A WAY.

UNKNOWN TO QUASIMODO, ESMERALDA HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE MAN SHE ACTUALLY LOVES. JEHAN DID, IN TRUTH COMMIT THIS CRIME. QUASIMODO IS ORDERED TO RING THE BELLS AS ESMERALDA IS LED TO HER DEATH. SHE IS BROUGHT FIRST TO THE CATHEDRAL TO DO PENANCE ...



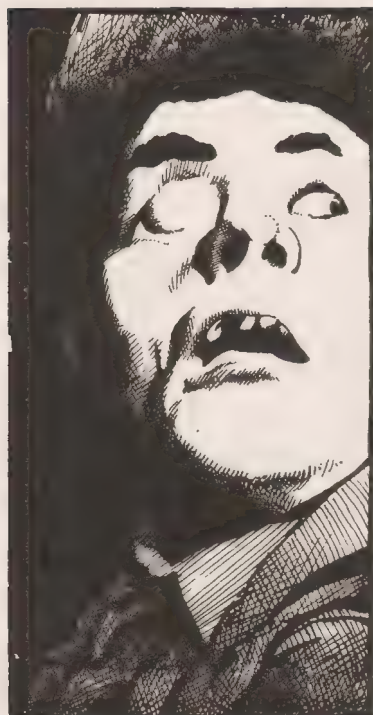
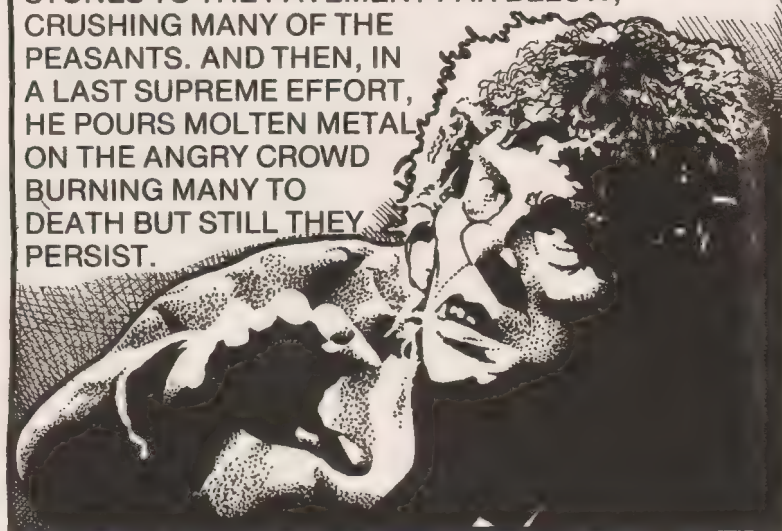
QUASIMODO SEES HER ON THE STEPS BELOW ...

AND SLIDES DOWN A ROPE LEFT BY A WORKMAN REPAIRING THE CATHEDRAL. ONCE ON THE GROUND HE SEIZES ESMERALDA AND CARRIES HER INTO THE CATHEDRAL, YELLING TO THE CROWD AS HE GOES ... "SANCTUARY, SANCTUARY, SANCTUARY!" CARRYING ESMERALDA ON HIS BACK, HE CLIMBS HIGH INTO THE CATHEDRAL TO HIS SMALL ROOM, NEAR THE BELLS.



TIME PASSES AND ON THE SURFACE THINGS APPEAR PEACEFUL; BUT THEY ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM. WITHOUT WARNING THE PEASANTS STORM THE CATHEDRAL UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS. QUASIMODO MUST STOP THEM.

QUASIMODO, IN AN EFFORT TO DEFEND HIS CATHEDRAL AND ESMERALDA, THROWS HUGE STONES TO THE PAVEMENT FAR BELOW, CRUSHING MANY OF THE PEASANTS. AND THEN, IN A LAST SUPREME EFFORT, HE POURS MOLTEN METAL ON THE ANGRY CROWD BURNING MANY TO DEATH BUT STILL THEY PERSIST.



IN THE MIDST OF THE EXCITEMENT QUASIMODO DOESN'T NOTICE THAT ESMERALDA IS MISSING! SUDDENLY, HE REALIZES AND HIS ATTENTION IS IMMEDIATELY TURNED TO THE DIRECTION OF HIS SMALL ROOM. HE LEAVES TO SEEK OUT ESMERALDA.



QUASIMODO PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR AND FINDS ESMERALDA IN THE EVIL CLUTCHES OF JEHAN. IMMEDIATELY, QUASIMODO BECOMES LIKE A WILD ANIMAL AND THROWS JEHAN OVER THE WALL TO THE STREET FAR BELOW! IN THE STRUGGLE QUASIMODO IS STABBED REPEATEDLY IN THE BACK AND SADLY STUMBLES AWAY ...



TO RING HIS OWN DEATH KNELL!!!



# the Monster Times Teletype

...is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-wire info to you, serving up all the news of what's cookin' in every medium, from the rare to the well-done: pre-views, reviews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, fantasy & sci-fi happenings in films, books, comics and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender egos in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you 'in-the-know.'

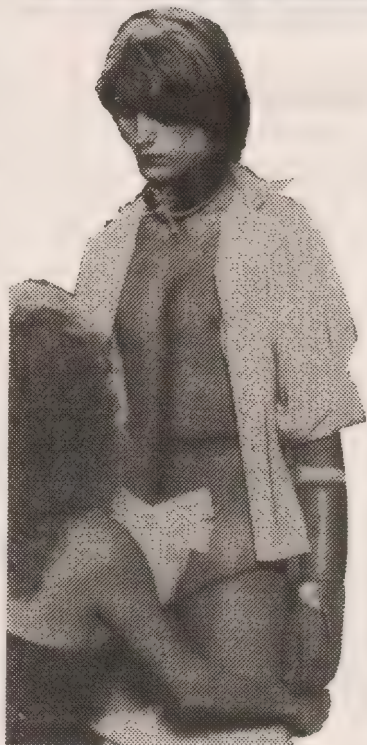
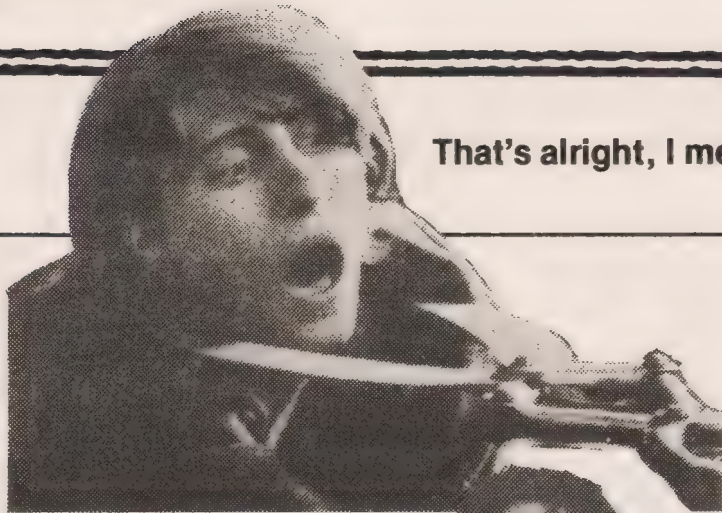
Due on the TV scene next season from the makers of *UFO* will come a new series titled *SPACE: 1999*. Starred will be the hubby and wife team from *Mission Impossible*, Martin Landau and Barbara Bain. It'll have a \$6,500,000 budget with costumes by Rudi Gernreich. Sounds like they'll be patterning it somewhat after *STAR TREK*.

Back on the cinematic side, plans are being made to film *DRACULA'S TRANSYLVANIA* (there he is again) which will be a filmization of the novel *IN SEARCH OF DRACULA*, the so-called true story of the origin of Dracula in the guise of the real Count Vlad Tepes, played by Christopher Lee.

Max Rosenberg off to London to put finishing touches on *THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH*, the Vincent Price-Peter Cushing starrer. He'll also do some confab on his next projects, *DUEL OF THE DEMONS* and *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*. I won't even conjure the thought that the latter might actually be a film version of Burrough's superlative trilogy. Now that would indeed be cause for joyous celebration, but I'm sure it will be just another "dinosoap opera."

Fun City TMT readers should note that the Nantucket Stage Company production of *DRACULA* will be moving to the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village on October 23, a move that should make Manhattan even more frightening than it already is.

Another book to hit the scenario trail will be Erich Von Daniken's *CHARIOT OF THE GODS*. It'll be a documentary concerning many of the unsolved mysteries that intrigue mankind.



That's alright, I mean the whole industry's feelin' the squeeze...

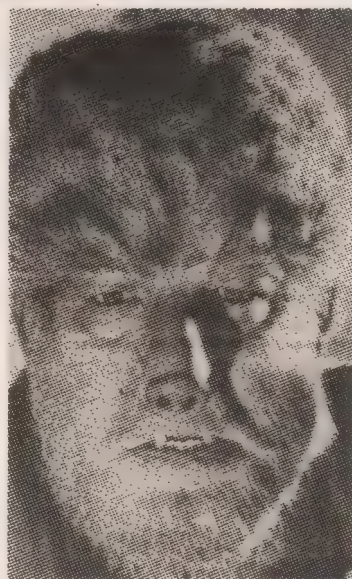
(EYE OF THE CAT); Leonard Whiting; Margaret Leighton; Sir Ralph Richardson; Sir John Gielgud; *Man from Uncle*'s David McCallum; Jane Seymour, late of *LIVE AND LET DIE*; Mistress of the Macabre—Agnes Moorehead; and Michael Wilding. This will roll on two consecutive nights, Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, in two two-hour segments at 9:00 P.M.

And let us not forget Jack Palance's video version of *DRACULA*, which should be turning up on CBS later this fall.

It's awfully nice to see the old Kings turning up over and over again, but I think it would be much more innovative if they'd try some new "things."

William Castle starts lensing shortly on his *SHANKS* (formerly titled *SHOCK*) starring supreme mime Marcel Marceau. He claims the title is subject to change, and he hopes his image as a gimmicky-ghoul will also with this Hitchcockian effort. When this is in the can, he'll get right on with *ROSEMARY'S BABY 2*.

By the time you read this, who knows what will have transpired with the Watergate hearings? But I can guarantee there'll be a wolf man in the White House... that is in the film *THE WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON*, in which a press aide, having returned from a



Budapest bite, runs amok. Dean Stockwell, Michael Dunn and Biff McGuire star.

And last but not beast, er... least... on the NBC Saturday morning kiddies marathon watch for the addition of *SIGMUND AND THE SEA MONSTERS*. Bill Barty, much-seen comic midget, essays the title role, described as having ten tentacles, six arms and one tooth. With that single fang, I wonder if he isn't related to Oliver J. Dragon? Kukla, Fran and... Sigmund?

Frankenstein has been exhumed and Dracula resurrected, and it looks like the latter part of this year and most of '74 will be bombarded from all sides by these two classic nasties.

Andy Warhol's *FRANKENSTEIN* is in the can and ready for release. Full color and 3-D, with lots of blood and unclad cadavers, male and female. Warhol's also involved with *DRACULA*, now before the cameras. Veteran directors turn thespians in this flick, notably Vittorio DeSica and *ROSEMARY'S BABY*'s Roman Polanski. Both films star Warhol alumnus Joe Dallesandro. Filming was done on Italian sod.

Lensing has also wound up on the TV Spectacular version of *DR. FRANKENSTEIN*, retitled *FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY*, which has a cast of luminaries that is mind-boggling. James Mason (*JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH*), and Captain Nemo himself in Disney's *20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA* has the title role, along with Michael Sarrazin

## COMICS

Any of you following the record industry of late are sure to know the sad tale of Clive Davis. For years the president of Columbia Records, the richest rock album house in the world, Davis was unceremoniously fired for stealing and extorting money. Following Davis' canning, new reports of plugola and drugola among disc jockeys sprang up. Nothing, as yet, has come of it. Everyone seems too busy tracking down bigger criminals, most of them residing in and around the White House, for years the biggest and richest house in the world. Unceremonious firings are due there any day now, too.

But, in any case, we at THE MONSTER TIMES want you to know that we would never stoop to secretly plugging anyone or anything. The mere thought of furtive plugola eats at our moral fibre. What we at TMT do is plug openly and in public. And, besides, we can always say "Everyone else does it." At least everyone says everyone else does it.

Be that as it may (and it will), we'd like to spend some time giving the old plugeroo to some worthy fans, dealers and magazines in and around the comic field.

**DEALERS:** Since collecting is the nucleus of any fandom, one should be extra careful in dealing with sellers. The following folks seem to be the most honest in the business, and we can recommend each of them from personal experience. Each of these dealers have large stocks of old, golden age comics, offer good service and issue lists regularly.

Phil Seuling, 621 Avenue Z, Brooklyn, New York 11224, Claude Held, P.O. Box 140, Buffalo, New York 14225, Ken Mitchell, 760 Ash Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

**BOOKSTORES AND OTHER DEALERS:** If you are in the market for relatively new comics in mint condition, a wide range of fanzines, posters, and just about anything, we can recommend Jim Kokich and his four Long Island bookstores. They are located at 441 Route 110, Huntington, Long Island; 146 Jericho Turnpike, Commack, Long Island; 62 Main Street, Smithtown, New York; and 36-79 Roosevelt Avenue, Flushing, New York. Kokich specializes in perfect mint condition material and he is usually deeply stocked in all the items he advertises. To get on his list, send your name and address to Overstock Book Company,

## SF&F

In addition to being a sci-fi scholar and all-around Wizard of the weird, ED SUMMER owns and operates the Supersnipe Bookstore, a well-stocked, sprawling fan's paradise specializing in comics, film books, and other tomes & items dealing with fantasy. In return for the above plug, Ed will be scurrying about to bring you the latest scoops from the world of science fiction, where anything can happen and once in a while does.

*Galaxy* is publishing its 23rd Anniversary issue, which includes some spiffy stories by Arthur C. Clarke and Ted Sturgeon, a cute little Bradbury poem, and contributions from Harlan Ellison and Le Guin. *Galaxy* has become a monthly digest: evidence of good reader response.

Not to be outdone. The

*Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* is now 24 years old and continuing its long-established tradition of interesting writings.

The Original *Weird Tales* (yup, the pulp magazine) has revived under the auspices of its original editor, Sam Moskowitz. It has some absolutely terrific and previously unobtainable fiction by Robert E. Howard, Bradbury and others, but also features some of the worst graphic reproduction I've ever seen in my life. The major victim of this abominable out-of-focus printing is a selection of Virgil Finlay drawings from private collections. Hopefully, things will be ironed out soon, and the artwork will look as good as the stories read.

George Pal informs me that his proposed film version of *Doc Savage* is progressing very well and that he has high hopes it will be in production before the end of the year. Patrick Wayne and Brad Hais (among others) are being considered for the part of Doc, but preference is for an Unknown ala Sean Connery/James Bond,



for the lead. The same applies for the *Amazing Crew*.

Doubleday is coming out with Philip Jose Farmer's *DOC SAVAGE: HIS APOCALYPTIC LIFE* sometime this fall. On the same lines as *Tarzan Alive*, the book is a biography of *Doc Savage*, except that it doesn't claim that *Savage* was actually real. So far,

the first printing will be hard-bound only.

Marvel Comics may well be ushering in a new age of science fiction with a new comic entitled *WORLD'S UNKNOWN*, which is publishing some really excellent adaptations of sci-fi short stories, including the long-ignored *Farewell to the Master* by Harry Bates (the basis of *THE DAY THE EARTH STOPPED STILL* and long out-of-print), and Fredric Brown's *ARENA*. There is literate writing and good art almost worthy of the E.C. era... let's hope it keeps up. Marvel also has *WEIRD WONDER TALES*, all reprints, but with a couple of goodies like Basil Wolverton's phantasmagoria of giant eyeballs from Venus (it's really kinda scary, believe it or not!) Rumor has it that there was much reluctance in making the decision to publish either of these two books in the first place, so let's support them and keep them going.

Every month I hope to inform you about—and rate—one or more suppliers of science fiction and related material... The New

Yorker Book Store, corner of 89th Street and Broadway, New York City, under the supervision of Mark Kotowski—budding fanzine artist and yeast plant—is beginning to sport one of the best Sci-Fi departments for in-print s.f. paperbacks on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. The store is entered on 89th St., turn left at the top of the stairs, and there it is. Ask for Mark and tell 'em TMT sent you.

We will offer equal time to any other shops anywhere in the world who carry science fiction. Please send us information and publications for our consideration, and you may see your store plugged here.

Isaac Asimov had a good hint for beginning writers when he appeared recently on N.Y. City's *STRAIGHT TALK* (Channel 9). He suggested that a good working knowledge of science was essential for writing good sci-fi, because a person who knows the rules of science then knows how to break them and still remain plausible in his story telling. A crucial suggestion, that.



Comics Dept., 519 Acorn Street, Deer Park, New York 11729.

For those of you on the West Coast, there are three organizations that we can highly recommend. One is Bennett's Bookstore, 6763 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. Bennett's deals in fantasy books and comics, science fiction, cinema and other related fields. They do mail order (their delivery is amazingly fast and well-protected), and their store is a collector's paradise. Bud Plant, 4160 Holly Drive, San Jose, California, also runs a super-efficient and friendly mail order operation and has just opened a store in Berkeley. Write to get on his list.

The third organization on the West Coast is the Graphic Story Bookshop, Post Office Box 2053, Culver City, California 90230. GSB is run by two fine gentlemen, Richard Kyle and Fred Patten, and they specialize in foreign comic material. Included in their stock are the ASTERIX series (from France, translated into English), the LT. BLUE-



BERRY series and many exciting items from Mexico, Japan, Spain and other countries. Their mail order operation is efficient and prompt. They issue periodic newsletters of new stock.

Back in New York, there is Ed Summer's Supersnipe, 1617 Second Avenue in Manhattan. Summer's place is small (it's also tiny, cramped, miniscule and has a paucity of space), but you can pick up most of your comics two to three weeks before they hit the newsstands. He's also well-supplied in recent back issues and other goodies. It's also fun to go in and talk to Ed Summer personally, as he's one of the most knowledgeable fans in the business.

There is also PHASE, Box 218, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn, New York, which specializes in foreign items, Warren magazines and movie books. They deal strictly through the mails and always seem to have new, interesting items.



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**FOR COMIC STRIP FANS:** For those of you in the audience who love comic strips, we haven't forgotten you. At this time, there are four weekly tabloid newspapers which print nothing but comic strips. No news, no articles on world affairs, nothing but comic strips. The oldest is called THE MENOMONEE FALLS GAZETTE, and contains such strips as TARZAN, SECRET AGENT CORRIGAN and many others from the United States, England and Australia. Its companion is THE MENOMONEE FALLS GUARDIAN, and it features mainly humor strips like CONCY, BROOM-HILDA, TUMBLEWEEDS and others. Both of these papers are available from STREET ENTERPRISES, Post Office Box 255, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin 53051. A sample of each paper is 75¢.

The other two papers specialize in old-time comic strips. One is called GOLDEN FUNNIES, and reprints strips like KRAZY KAT, BUCK ROGERS, TERRY AND THE PIRATES and other old favorites. The other reprint paper, FAVORITE FUNNIES, is just getting off the ground and contains strips like LITTLE NEMO and others. Both of these papers can be had for 50¢ a sample from DYNAPUBS, RR #1, Box 297, East Moline, Illinois.

**AD FANZINES:** If you are interested in buying, selling and trading comic books and related materials, there are two magazines which we can highly recommend. One is ROCKET'S BLAST COMICCOLLECTOR, which can be purchased for \$1 from THE SFCA, 9875 SW 212 Street, Miami, Florida 33157. ROCKET'S BLAST has been in business longer than any other fanzine and runs about 120 pages an issue. The other ad magazine is THE BUYER'S GUIDE FOR COMIC FANDOM, available for 50¢ from DYNAPUBS, RR #1 Box 297, East Moline, Illinois. BUYER'S GUIDE is a tabloid newspaper and is

published bi-weekly.

**NEWS FANZINES:** If you are interested in news magazines, there are two we can suggest. The first is COMIXSCENE, published by Jim Steranko and edited by Gary Brown. It's just now being made into a monthly publication and costs 75¢ per copy. It covers a wide range of Marvel, National, Gold Key, paperback and media news and is well-illustrated. It also runs substantial feature articles to augment the news coverage. The writing is slicker than in most fanzines and the paper seems to maintain a satisfactorily regular schedule. Get your sample from SUPERGRAPHICS, 501 Spruce Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

The other news magazine, THE COMIC READER, doesn't come recommended. THE COMIC READER is not a well-done publication. It's sloppily put together, poorly written and edited (no one there knows how to spell either) and is not well-organized. To make matters worse, the news is severely censored and only the news that the comic publishers wish to see printed ever appears.

We mention it here only because of its excellent "Coming Comics" list, which lists publication dates and contents for new publications and issues. A sample is 40¢ from TCR Publications, 393 East 58th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11203.

**OTHER FAN MAGAZINES:** There are other fine fan-oriented publications, but most of them are published too infrequently to mention. One, however, WONDERWORLD, is far and away the best comic magazine ever produced in this country. We don't want to sell you on it. Simply purchase a copy for 75¢ from WONDERWORLD, Post Office Box 16168, Long Beach, California. A truly superb product, deserving of any comic fan's attention and support.

CREATURES FEATURED

THE GOVERNOR & THE GHOST

Maybe you don't believe in ghosts, but the governor of Virginia does! Governor Linwood Holton says the restless spirit who roams his Richmond mansion is 160 years old. Holton says he was awakened in the middle of the night recently when he heard footsteps coming from the north side of the house. He says he got out of bed to inspect, found everything in order, and returned to his room. When he went back to bed, there were a number of paintings standing against the wall, ready for hanging. But when Holton awoke in the morning, he found them all face down on the carpet! Holton says there was no wind that night, and no logical explanation for how the pictures wound up face down. Capitol records first show the ghost appearing back in the 1890's. Governor Phillip McKinney found a strange woman in his room one night, dressed in a long, flowing gown. He reported that she quickly vanished. Over the years, other governors have reported strange happenings at the mansion, including weird sounds and footsteps. But Holton is the first modern-day governor to run into the legendary ghost ...

JERSEY FISH STORY

Ghosts aren't the only strange creatures popping up in the news. New Jersey has come up with its own answer to the Loch Ness monster! Citizens in upper Morris and lower Sussex counties have been reporting sightings of a giant man-like alligator in and around the lakeland area. Originally, the "thing" had been sighted near the country town of Newton. But in the past few weeks, reports have spread to towns as far as 25 miles away. The entire area once belonged to an Indian tribe, whose unwritten culture included the legend of a giant fish—the size of a man—who continually eluded Indian fishermen ...

THE CORPSE THAT SNORED

A number of modern scientists feel premature burial was responsible for many of the vampire legends that originated in central Europe. They reason that many an unfortunate person, while actually in a catatonic trance, might have been mistaken for dead. Should such a person awake during the funeral service, the mourners would, quite understandably, be terrified! It may sound like a far-fetched explanation, but such things do happen, even today. In London recently, an astonished undertaker opened the coffin of Mrs. Rose Hanover to prepare the "dead" woman for embalming. Imagine his surprise when he heard the "corpse" snore! The undertaker woke Mrs. Hanover up and welcomed her back to the land of the living. The doctor who certified her death said he had conducted all the normal tests (breathing, heart, etc.) and the woman had appeared to be dead. He added, "These things sometimes happen!"

BETTER BLOOD FOR BATS

Speaking of vampires, the beef shortage made horror headlines of a sort recently. Most zoos had been using beef blood to feed their vampire bats. The beef squeeze forced them to use outdated human blood! Who knows, maybe Dracula engineered the meat shortage to improve the menu for his friends in captivity ...

FLY ME TO VENUS

Scientists now say there may be life on Venus after all! Up until now, scientists believed it would be impossible for the planet to support any form of intelligent life. Venus was thought to have an atmosphere about 100 times as dense as the atmosphere on earth. The surface temperature had been measured at well over 550° fahrenheit. If these measurements were accurate, then it would be impossible for meteors to make their way through the corrosive atmosphere. But scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California say they have evidence that Venus has been hit by hundreds of meteors. They say new tests show that the planet's surface is full of craters, which could only be caused by meteors. Scientists evaluating the latest discovery say it proves that very little is known about Venus, and the atmosphere could be quite different than the one they originally expected to find! —Lincoln English

HAMMER STRIKES AGAIN!  
Continued from page 9

because there was a film with that title (about a giant mechanical monster) released back in 1957.

HAMMER ON WAX

Hammer isn't concentrating solely on movies and TV this year. They've also decided to branch out into other areas of entertainment. While Peter Cushing and Chris Lee may not be rock idols like the Osmonds and the Jackson Five, they may well be giving the pop stars competition at the record counter. Hammer is starting its own record label, and their very first release will be narrated by Chris Lee. In addition to the dialogue, it will feature music and sound effects from the Hammer films. Lee has made only one previous record (see TMT #8 for a review). In that one, he turned in his usual fine reading, but the script was less than inspired. It was a rather unfaithful adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel, and the record suffered from sound effects that were obviously done with little care. From what we've heard of the new Hammer offering, it bears little resemblance to Lee's earlier effort, and should prove a veritable feast for serious horror fans.

Since Hammer had already decided to provide horror you could watch on the screen and listen to on records, I suppose it seemed only natural to branch out and give horror fans something to read. Whatever the reasons behind the decision, we can all be glad the people at Hammer finally decided to tell the definitive story of "Hammer's House of Horrors." The book is packed with pictures and information that leave no question about the history of Hammer unanswered. The book is divided into six sections, with a few extra pages devoted to Hammer poster art.

HORRORS OF HAMMER HOUSE

The first section deals with the people that helped make Hammer a major name in the horror world. Of course this includes the company's founders, and its present-day managing director, Michael Carreras. It features an interview with Carreras, in which he outlines the earliest days of Exclusive Films, which eventually became Hammer Films Ltd. Also in this section is an interview with Terrence Fisher, the director who played such an important role in Hammer's rise to fame. Chris Lee and Peter Cushing are interviewed too, and a detailed biography of each performer is included.

In chapter two, the reader gets a good close look at Hammer's first days of filmmaking, as opposed to film distributing. The first half of the section covers the World War II era, while the second deals with Hammer's efforts during the early fifties. Things really start moving in chapter three, which examines the films that made the company famous, from CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN to the present.

In chapter four, the authors present "Hammer's Other Worlds"—a look at the company's non-horror offerings. This includes adventure films like their pirate and Robin Hood offerings, prehistoric epics such as SHE and ONE MILLION YEARS B.C., and psychological thrillers like CRESCENDO and A TASTE OF FEAR.

Chapter four will be a special treat for male readers. Under the title THE BRIDES OF DRACULA, the book presents a series of stills showing Hammer's lovely female stable of vampires and prehistoric beauties. While this chapter is the most soothing to the eye, it's probably the least interesting to serious film buffs. Chapter six, on the other hand, is packed with information of interest to the film historian. It contains a complete filmography of Hammer's cinematic efforts from the thirties to the present. This is one book no real horror fan will want to miss.

So Hammer is growing, expanding, moving into new areas. Whether they will be as successful in these as they are in the film medium remains to be seen. If the book, the record, and the projected TV series are any indication, they almost certainly will.

CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Oct. 14	THE SECOND SUNDAY Phil Seuling 621 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	THE HOTEL McALPIN New York City	\$1 at the door	COMIC BOOK DEALERS DISPLAY No special guests
October 18-21	DETROIT TRIPLE-FAN FAIR 14845 Anne Street Allen Park, Mich. 48101	DETROIT HILTON HOTEL Detroit, Michigan	\$4 for all four days; \$1.50 per day	Masquerade ball, amateur film contest. Guests: George Romero, Barry Smith, Mike Kaluta.
November 23-25	FILM-CON 2 P.O. Box 74866 Los Angeles, Calif. 90004	HYATT REGENCY HOTEL Los Angeles, Calif.	\$10 for all days; \$5 per day Children under 10— \$3 for all three days.	Special "Big Bug" movies of the '50's plus Forry Ackerman, Roger Corman, Kirk Alyn and others.
January 4-6	CREATION Adam Malin 16 East 2nd St. Freeport, N.Y. 11520	BILTMORE HOTEL New York City	\$2 a day at the door; \$4 for all three days in advance.	SURPRISES GALORE!!!

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across the country, seemingly every weekend, comic nuts, sf fans, horror and monster freaks and even trekkies gather to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. These affairs are called conventions. As with most gatherings of aficionados, the get-togethers often border on lunacy, but the people are affable and friendly, and there is always the chance that you can pick up some rare item for your collection. But mostly, conventions are for meeting people—famous, infamous and plain unknown. If you've never been to a convention, we here at TMT highly recommend any one of them. They differ in size and quality and emphasis, of course, but they're all fun to go to, and fun to look at. TMT will keep you informed of all the upcoming conventions, and we all hope you attend at least one.



**LATE FILM ROUND-UP** will be a semi-regular (or, more accurately, a semi-irregular) TMT feature dedicated to nefarious news and fearless reviews of Fantasy Film-dom's latest creations. Under the gruesome guidance of Media Editor R. Allen Leider, with the eerie assistance of the TMT staff (J. John Kane), this feature will bring the film industry's spawn of darkness under the bright light of instructive criticism, concentrating mainly on those films released over the past few months that we couldn't, due to space limitations, cover in greater depth. The "late," incidentally, means recent, not "dead" (although that certainly does apply in a startling number of instances). So before you run out to freely lavish your hard-earned cash on the latest celluloid atrocity, it would be wise to consult these pages first. After all, the bread you save may be your own...

**THE NEPTUNE FACTOR (1973).** Directed by Daniel Petrie. Starring Ben Gazzara, Yvette Mimieux, Walter Pidgeon, Ernest Borgnine, Chris Wiggins, Donnelly Rhodes.

Daniel Petrie's **THE NEPTUNE FACTOR** features one of those old-style, Hollywoodesque, All-Star casts, now inflated like the dollar, and similar to the kind that helped to sink the **POSIEDON**. At least the **NEPTUNE**, the vehicle in this film, is designed for submerging.

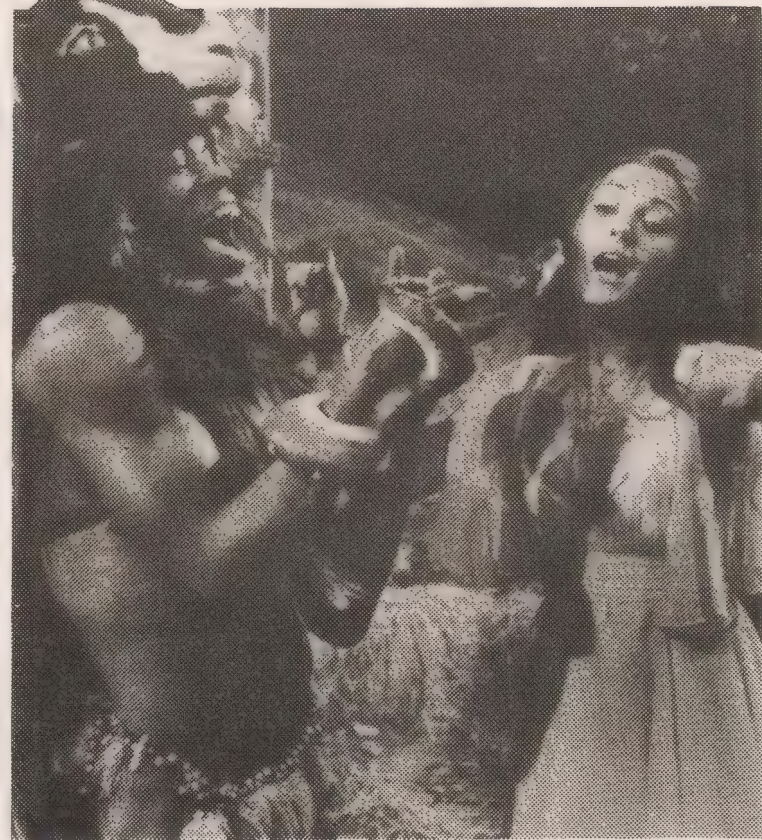
Not much of value, save Yvette Mimieux's sweater wardrobe,



survives the film's strictly routine plotting and soggy script. Some of the process photography is fine indeed, except for the fact that the model-work is painfully obvious. Surely someone up there in Canada (where the film was made) assigned to look at the rushes had sufficient sense to realize that blown-up seahorses and goldfish, however skillfully done, still look like blown-up seahorses and goldfish. As a film, **THE NEPTUNE FACTOR** is, unfortunately, all wet. —D.B.

**THE OTHER (1972).** Directed & Produced by Robert Mulligan. Starring Uta Hagen, Diana Muldaur, Chris Udevnoky, Martin Udevnoky, Norma Connolly, Victor French.

The term "horror story" seems too tame to adequately describe this tale of the supernatural. While the plot tends to be very confusing at times, it is nonetheless suspenseful and convincing. The main conflict is between good and evil. A handsome young boy is influenced by his dastardly twin brother...the only



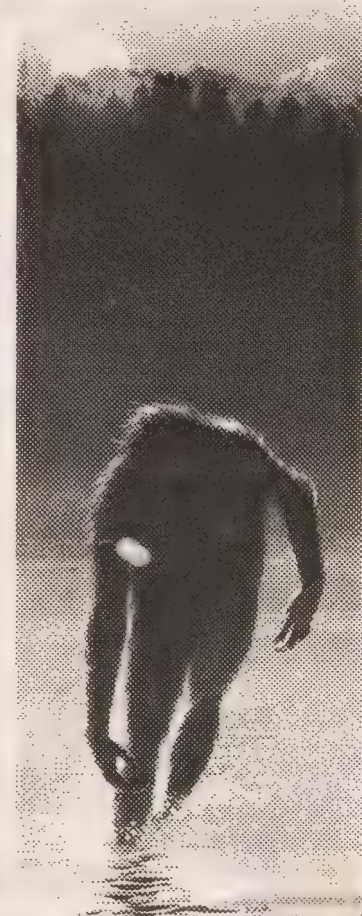
**LIVE AND LET DIE (1973).** Directed by Guy Hamilton. Starring Roger Moore, Yaphet Kotto, Jane Seymour, Clifton James, Julius W. Harris, Geoffrey Holder, David Hedison, Gloria Hendry, Bernard Lee, Lois Maxwell.

This time out, the entire James Bond apparatus seems fairly weak and outdated. In **LIVE AND LET DIE**, James, played by Roger Moore, is out after drugs, and he single-handedly foils an insidious plot to distribute free heroin in order to addict the populations of major U.S. cities. In the film's decidedly racial atmosphere, all the baddies are black. James, of course, is white. As usual he proves invincible and even takes time out to create, save, and redeem a heroine (fetchingly played by Jane Seymour), then wraps up the end as the chief evildoer (Yaphet Kotto) gets inflated like a balloon and bursts.

Even with all these new twists, this is pretty tired stuff. The action sequences, barring the first (car chase) and the last (train battle), are lacklustre and unsatisfying. I'm afraid Bond, like the 60's, has had it. —D.B.

**LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK (1973).** Produced and directed by Charles Pierce. Written by Earl D. Smith. Narrated by Vern Stearman. Photographed by Charles Pierce. Music by Jamie Mendoza-Nava.

According to the stories flying around the country store in Fouke, Arkansas, there's this big hairy creature running around the swamps. Everyone believes that the "thang" is real—John Oakes, Willy Smith, John Hixon, the Crabtree brothers Fred, James and Travis, and all the rest of the good ole boys. All except for Herb Jones. Then again, Herb's been living down on the bottom-

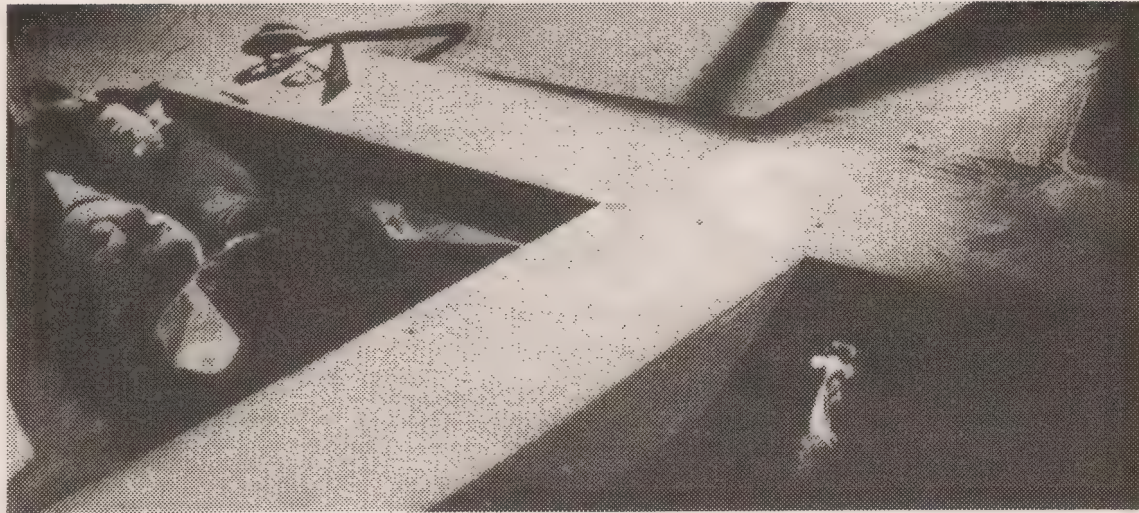


lands in absolute solitude for the past 20 years.

**LEGEND OF BOGGY CREEK** can't decide whether it is a documentary, a travelogue, or a fiction film and thus fails to satisfy as any of these. The most shocking thing in this dreary man-in-a-monster-suit movie is the scene which shows everyone neatly tucked into bed and sound asleep at 9:10 P.M. **LEGEND** was produced, directed and photographed by Charles Pierce, which should just about close the book on him. The film also stoops to include two embarrassing songs, one of which is repeated over the end-title, presumably to clear the theater. —D.B.

trouble is, the mischievous sibling is dead. The audience is never sure whether or not there is an actual ghost. It may all be part of the living twin's imagination. If this is true, then he is the one responsible for the murders that are committed, and is therefore mad. Or, the surviving boy may be possessed by his brother's spirit.

The direction and photography are excellent, and the lack of definite explanations for the occurrences makes **THE OTHER** a superior movie. Truly, this is a most terrifying film. —J.S.



**THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE (1973).** Directed by John Hough. Starring Roddy McDowall, Pamela Franklin, Clive Revill, Gayle Hunnicutt, Roland Culver, Peter Bowles.

Richard Matheson has another winner with this one. Of course, the novel is much better, but only because it is longer and sexier. Photographically, this suspense-filled ghost story is excellent. To balance this out, the main actors and actresses give fine perform-

ances. Only the film's ending is disappointing.

As might be expected, Hell House is haunted. Years ago, a team of psychic investigators went there to uncover its mystery. Only one man in the group remained both alive and sane. He returns with the new team, at the request of a dying multi-millionaire who wants to know if there is really life after death. Not long after the quartet arrives in the house, strange things begin to happen. The

leader of the group, a physicist, is almost killed by inanimate objects that suddenly attack him. Later on, a black cat goes bananas and attacks the "mental medium," a pious young woman who ends up being seduced by the ghost. Before the protagonists learn the unexpected secret of their invisible assailant, two of them are murdered. The end result is a movie that emerges as one of the cinema's few really professional tales of the supernatural. —J.T.





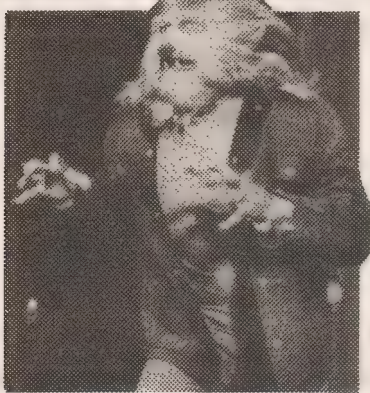
**NIGHT OF THE LEPUS (1972).** Directed by William F. Claxton. Starring Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, DeForest Kelley, Paul Fix, Melanie Fuller-ton.

Giant rabbits? Is nothing safe from the effects of man's insidious experiments? Is nothing sacred? The answer is no, not when movie makers think there's money in the offering. This motion picture is above average in relation to many giant-creatures-on-the-attack films, but that doesn't make it good. In fact, it's really not.

When a biologist tries to reduce Arizona's pesky rabbit population, he accidentally produces a breed of giant bunnies. These violent, puffy balls of fur roar like lions and breathe very heavily. They also rip apart anybody who happens to get in their way. In a short time, the aggressive people-manglers in-



crease in numbers and go out on nocturnal food hunts. When the good guys realize just what is responsible for the recent murders, they try to seal up the flopped killers in an abandoned mine. The huge rabbits escape, though, and the situation worsens. The hairy, horny, hungry, hoppy hares change their tactics and begin attacking during the daytime, too. Finally, the good old U.S. Army is called in to combat the giant Bugs Bunnies, but even they need help. If you enjoy watching normal-sized rabbits bound through miniature sets and rear up on their hind legs, see this flick. If not, the alternative is obvious. —J.T.



**THE BOY WHO CRIED WERE-WOLF (1973).** Directed by Nathan H. Juran. Starring Kerwin Matthews, Elaine Devry, Scott Sealey, Robert J. Wilke, Susan Foster, Jack Lucas.

Inept but amusing is a good description of this film about a case of lycanthropy. The acting is good, and there are a couple of shocks, but the plot leaves a lot to be desired. It would probably have turned out better as a comedy. As it is, there is some comedy relief in the form of a band of "Jesus freaks," but not nearly enough.

Bob Homel, the man responsible for the script, knows a few things about werewolves, but again not enough. He opens the story by having a very cautious (so much so that he seems afraid) lycanthrope attack a man and his young son. The monster is accidentally killed, but not before it bites the man. Of course, the next full moon turns the fellow into a barber's nightmare. In his efforts to kill the boy, the beast wrecks some vehicles and wipes out the passengers. The boy eventually learns that his daddy is the big bad werewolf, and he stupidly goes on a trip to the mountains with him. The flick is immature and somewhat dull, so let's just say that it's no CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF. —J.B.

**SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT (1973)** Directed by Theodore Gershuny. Written by Theodore Gershuny, Jeffrey Konvitz, and Ira Teller. Starring Patrick O'Neal, James Patterson, Mary Woronov, Astrid Heeren, John Carradine, Walter Abel.

**SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT** opens with a young woman with a story to tell wandering through the middle of a silent forest. The real star of the film makes its appearance next—a huge, desolate old house, ominously squatting in a deserted stretch of Long Island woods. The house has a story, too—a secret—and before we know it, we are swept up into it. The house's owner, Wilfred Butler, eventually became an old and sad man. Suddenly we see a twisted figure wrapped in flames dash from the house to writhe on the snow-covered ground. An autopsy declares the death accidental, and Wilfred Butler's will declares that the house be passed on to the grandson, Jeffrey (played by James Patterson, in his last screen role).

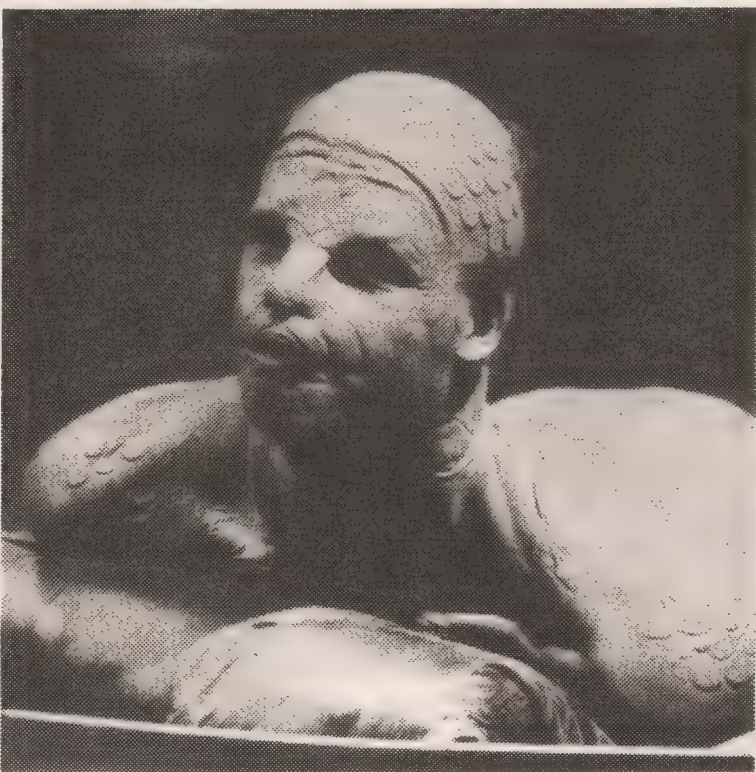
The film suddenly jumps to many years later; Jeffrey, in need of money, has decided to sell the house, sight unseen. He contracts his lawyer, John Carter (Patrick O'Neal), who offers to sell the house to the nearby township. Carter confronts a sullen town council (which includes the Mayor—Walter Abel—and newspaper editor—John Carradine), a mysterious group of people who, for some unknown reason, have desperately yearned for a long time to possess the house. Giving them a 24-hour ultimatum, John Carter returns to the house and prepares to spend the night there...

To go on any further would spoil the very real and surprising shocks of **SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT**. Suffice it to say that the house's secret, fully explained only near the end, involves: a burly stranger who may or may not be Jeffrey; a group of doctors who take advan-



tage of their host just once too often; a young girl on a swing; an escaped inmate from an asylum; a newspaper morgue with articles on a certain subject scissored out; a series of rasping phone calls; someone who's been taking an axe to a careful list of victims; and a whole host of other eerie occurrences. And that barely scratches the surface.

The sad part about **SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT** is that you may never get the chance to see it. Outside of a few indiscriminating situations where it was paired with Stephen Weeks' inept **MONSTER**, thus far Cannon, who financed it, is silently sitting on it. Considering the dubious quality of much of the product that has gone out under the Cannon banner (from **CRUCIBLE OF HORROR** to **MAID IN SWEDEN**), it will be a shame indeed if a film of quality like **SILENT NIGHT, BLOODY NIGHT** is buried unseen, or, perhaps even worse, unrecognizably hacked to pieces and thrown to the TV wolves. —D.B.



**SSSSSSS (1973).** Directed by Bernard L. Kowalski. Starring Strother Martin, Dirk Benedict, Heather Menzies, Richard B. Shull, Tim O'Connor, Jack Ging.

This movie is good and sssssscary, and the fine acting, direction and photography enhance the weird film. Unlike its slithering predecessors (**CULT OF THE COBRA**, **THE SNAKE WOMAN**, **THE REPTILE**), the script deals with a snake expert who believes that the human race is headed toward extinction, so he's trying to develop a serum that will transform man into something that will survive. His first experiment is a failure, the result of which is a repulsive snake-man. Unknown to the hero, he is to be the next guinea pig. The insidious doctor injects him with the improved solution, and

before long the man starts to change form.

There are many horrifying scenes, most of which serve to reveal that the scientist is mad. One sequence has a giant python crush and then swallow a full-grown man. I don't think they're able to do this, but it was a shock to see it anyway. Nearly 100 poisonous, slimy, slithering, slobbering, sleazy snakes appear in the film, including at least one king cobra. A great deal of factual information is given throughout the picture—all concerning snakes, of course. There is a slight amount of tactfully-done nudity, and some brief bedroom scenes that are more silly than sexy. The startling conclusion is somewhat anti-climactic, but nonetheless effective. All in all, it is quite an excellent film. —J.S.

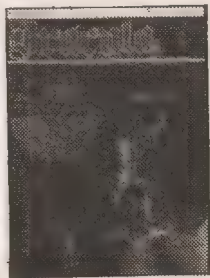
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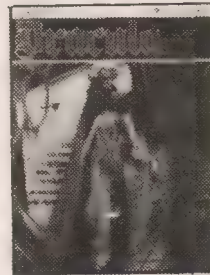


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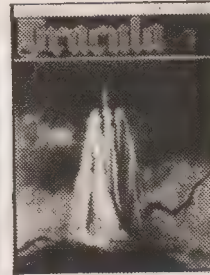


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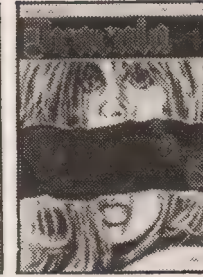
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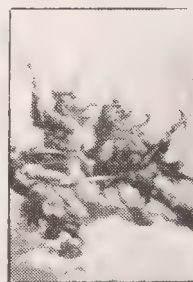
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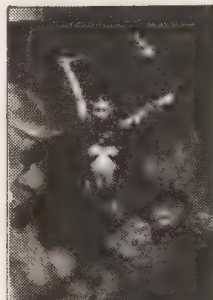
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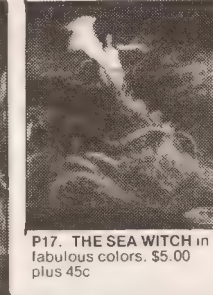
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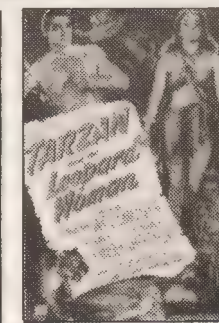
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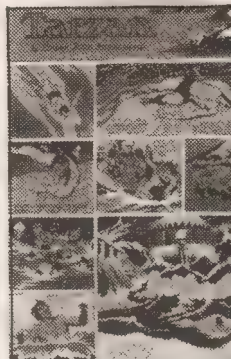
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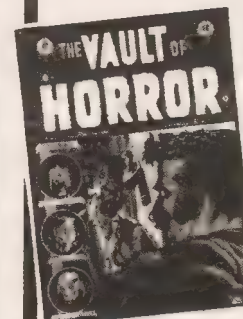
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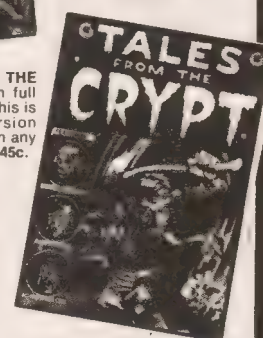
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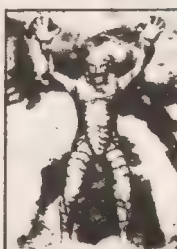
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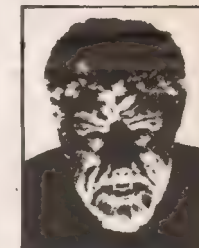
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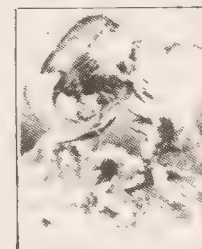
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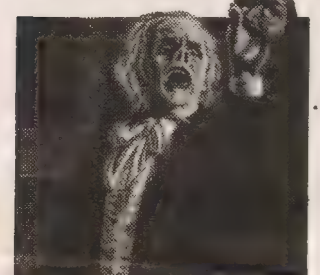
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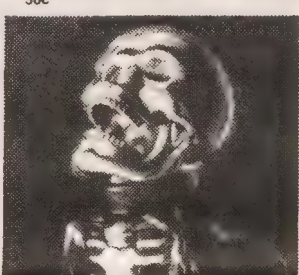
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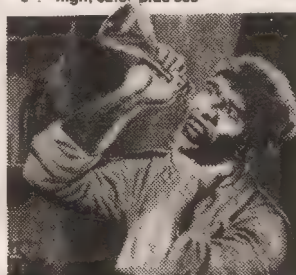
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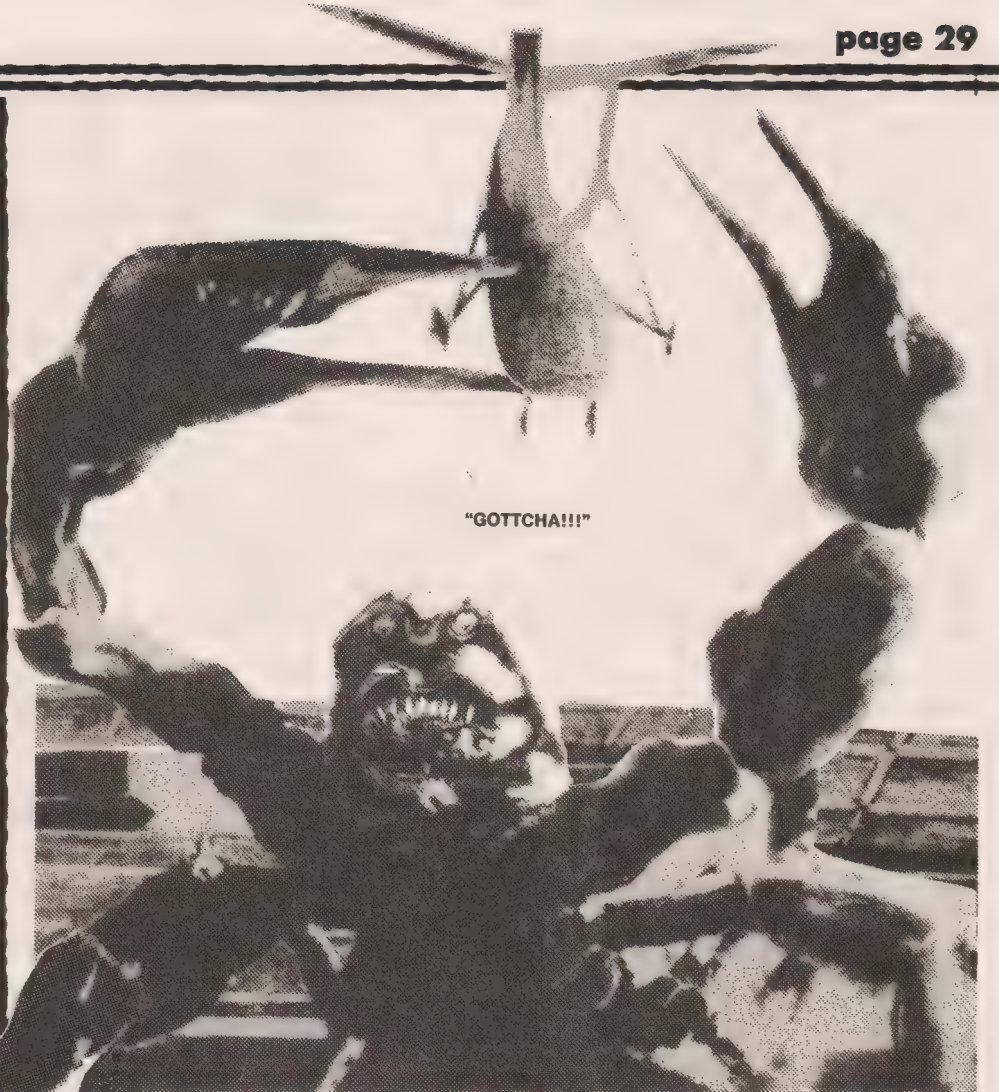
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"GOTTCHA!!!"

The Black Scorpion, enraged by the fact that he's trapped in a stadium with a small seating capacity, reached up to pluck overhead chopper out of the sky. Richard Denning, finally getting his hands on a trusty and "useful" weapon, spears the beast with an electrified shaft, thus saving the day and civilization by ending the threat and the movie. Less than a year later AIP released another outsized insect, THE SPIDER, but that's another film and another story.

## THE BLACK SCORPION

Continued from page 5

demon, is derailed. The cars go careening off the tracks, and many of the passengers are hurt in the ensuing crashes. Other giant scorpions suddenly appear. They scoop up the passengers, stinging and eating them in a violent bloodbath. The titans are so crazed with hunger that many of them fight over single victims. While many of the passengers are ignored by the monsters, hundreds more are either crushed or eaten. The sight is maddening!

Moments later, the super-scorpion arrives, saliva dripping from its massive jaws. Its mandibles open and close in anticipation of a tremendous feast. It mercilessly pounces upon its smaller brothers and quickly kills them all, before turning its attention to the tiny delicacies that are trying so desperately to escape.

Mexico City is placed under martial law, and a complete blackout is ordered. As the hungry carnivore enters the city, tanks and other heavy weapons are moved into a nearby stadium, setting up around the perimeter, leaving only one entrance open. A special self-propelled weapon is also brought here. This device—designed especially for use against the beasts—is a metal harpoon with wires and ropes attached to it. The long copper and insulated wires lead to a powerful generator, which will theoretically provide enough electricity to shock a giant scorpion to death.

"The projectile enters the throat," Dr. Velasco explains. "It should give 600,000 volts."

### MONSTER MANGLES METROPOLIS

The super-insect moves deeper into the city, gorging itself on the frantic people and ignoring all attempts to stop it, until an army truck, filled with sides of beef, comes along and lures the creature to the stadium.

The vehicle enters the arena, but the monster is much too big to fit through the doorway. Instead, it climbs madly over the side of the stadium. As it charges over the seats, the cannons open fire. Powerful shells explode on and around the moving target, ineffectively. Moving to the center of the stadium, the awesome horror looks for the meat truck, which is lost among the cordon of armored juggernauts. Loud shell bursts flare up all around the giant, but it ignores these feeble attempts to stop it. The tanks move in for a hopeful

kill, but as soon as any of them come within reach the beast grabs and overturns them. Some of the vehicles are lifted high into the air, and then smashed to the ground.

A helicopter flies precariously overhead. It annoys the giant, causing it to reach for the aircraft. At this moment, the special weapon is fired at the scorpion's exposed throat.

The harpoon misses its mark, hitting the insect in the shoulder. The electric current is turned on, but the giant shrugs off the effects of the shock.

The shaft is soon yanked free and drawn back to the truck. Meanwhile, more tanks are destroyed as they continue their bombardment of the inhuman foe.

"I won't miss this time," the harpoon gunner states as he reaches for the shaft. However, he forgets that the electricity is still on. As soon as he grabs the metal, he stiffens and cries out in pain. His death comes almost instantly.

"Turn it off!" Hank yells. Once it is safe to do so, he reloads the gun and positions himself behind it.

As Hank waits for an opportunity to fire, the monster manages to snatch the helicopter out of the sky. It holds the chopper for an instant, then throws it down.

The few remaining tanks persist. They try to avoid their adversary by moving around it at top speed. The angry black terror spins around in a circle in a useless effort to catch its attackers.

### HANK GETS HIS CHANCE

Finally, Hank gets his chance. The harpoon strikes the creature, and an agonized cry is ripped from the giant as the weapon sinks into its neck. The power is turned on, causing the super-insect to roar and jerk in pain. The truck lurches, but it remains stationary. Finally, amidst cannon blasts, the monster slumps to the ground and lies still.

It is dead.

Doctor Velasco announces, "Now we can secure some of the actual poison from the Scorpion Eater Rex, analyze it and create a simple protection against them. Gentlemen, we must not waste any time."

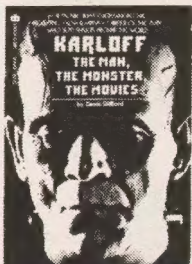
Hank and Teresa walk off, holding each other lovingly. The nightmare is ended, and they are now free to be together. ■

**THE BLACK SCORPION** Warner Bros. 1957 88 minutes. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Screenplay by David Duncan and Robert Bleas, from a story by Paul Yawitz. Special Effects by Willis O'Brien and Peter Peterson. Starring Richard Denning, Mara Corday, Carlos Rivas, Mario Navarro, Pascual Pena, Carlos Muzquiz.

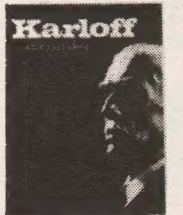


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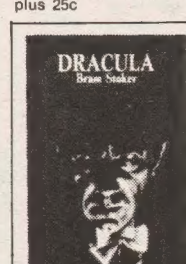
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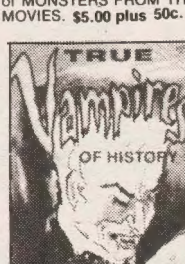
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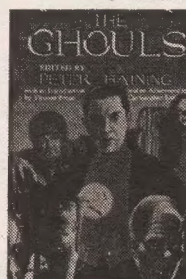


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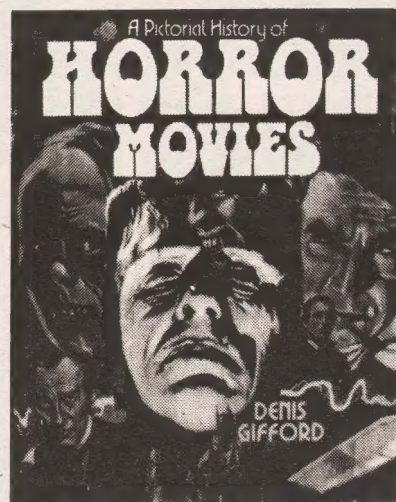
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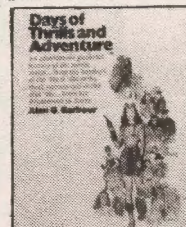
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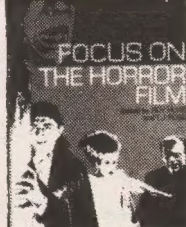
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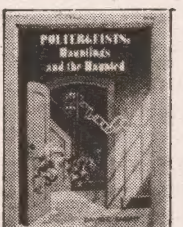


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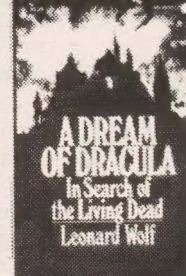
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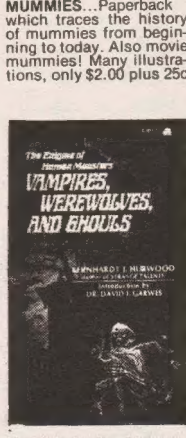
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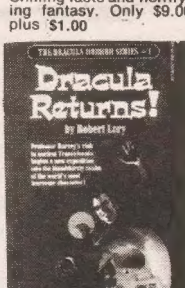
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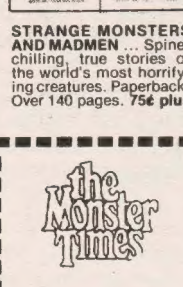
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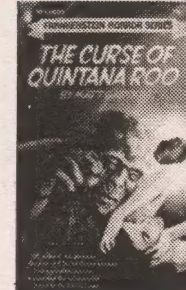
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# PLASTIC MAN

Continued from page 7

palatial mansion that Hef built (well, at least bought and furnished), there are suits-of-armor, pantries larded with the dreams of gourmet connoisseurs, swimming pool grottoes, circular beds, a private movie theater, a game room replete with free pinball machines, bars, books, and bebies of beautiful bunnies ... and complete collections of Eisner's **Spirit** and Jack Cole's **Plastic Man**. Himself a frustrated cartoonist, it's little wonder that Hefner has been quoted as listing Jack Cole his favorite cartoonist. If **Plastic Man** was somehow deficient in the stuff of which legacies are nurtured, shaped (and reshaped), then Cole's series of (usually full-page, color) cartoons for **Playboy** should preserve his genius as long as rec rooms and attics are stuffed with the prides and joys of devoted comic collectors.

Paradoxically, Cole's **Playboy** cartoons were simultaneously more sophisticated and "cartoony" than his Plas line drawing work. Strikingly rendered in watercolors, they invariably delineated buxom beauties with a flair and appeal theretofore unseen in "cartoony" work. The same ribald sense of humor earmarking **Plastic Man** was in abundance (albeit in an "adult" vein prohibited by consideration of **Plastic Man**'s intended audience), as was his unflagging determination to tell a story with a picture. I don't have the required thousand words to retell even one of the cartoons, but they're available in full force and undimmed by time within the covers of the first four editions of **Playboy Cartoon Album**.

I hate to resort to this, especially in closing, but all praise and cliches aside—Jack Cole may be dead...to realists and pragmatists. But to me and anyone else who still delights in **Plastic Man**, the **Biro-Wood Crime Does Not Pay** stories, or the **Playboy** cartoons... realists and pragmatists are liars.



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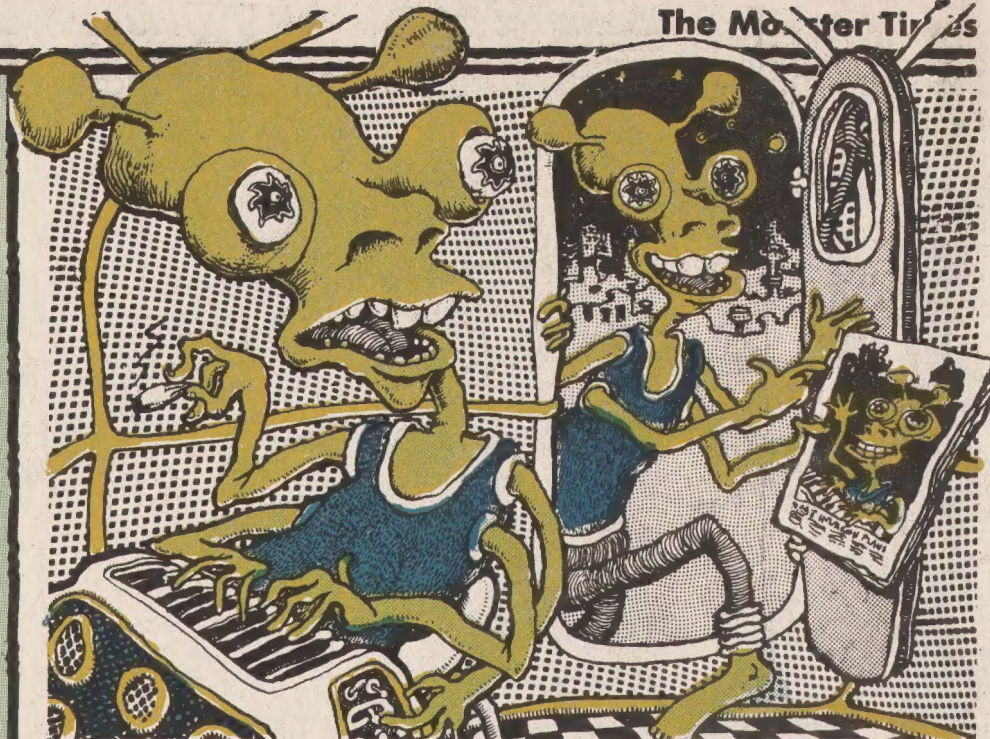
Unless you've been reading backwards, you've just finished another thrill-packed issue of **THE MONSTER TIMES**, "The Thinking Man's Monster Paper." At this point, you should be wondering about what you have to look forward to in our next issue.

Next time we'll be venturing into the **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Universal's all-star monster show, which will be the beneficiary of the usual royal TMT filmbook treatment. Also on display will be a feature on the legendary **ABOMINABLE SNOW-MAN**, tracing both his cinematic and real-life history (and many scientists continue to this day to swear of his actual existence). We've also got special previews of a pair of soon-to-be-released fright films, **SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE** and Amicus Productions' latest chiller, **TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**. If that isn't enough to convince you, it should also be noted that we'll be carrying the concluding installment of Rob Comorosky's **DEATH IS A WAY OF LIFE** series, an article



about **EC COMICS**, a TMT gallery of infamous **MONSTER ADS**, and a preview of the new T.V. "Tele-Toons."

And that's not all. However, we would like to leave a few surprises, so suffice it to say that our next issue will be every bit as chilling, thrilling, perverse and poignant as the one you've just finished. Some people say that the only good thing about the future is that it's not here yet...but those people obviously don't read **THE MONSTER TIMES**. ☐



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